

The TATLER

Vol. CXV. No. 1492

London, January 29, 1930

{ REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM }

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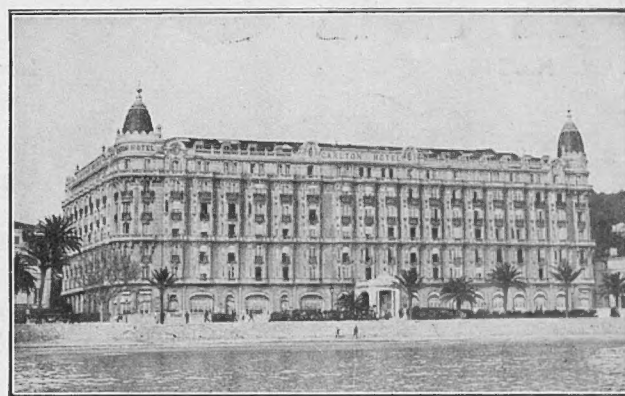
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TO THE MEDITERRANEAN



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The TATTLER

Vol. CXV. No. 1492

London, January 29, 1930

POSTAGE: Inland 1½d.; Canada and
Newfoundland 1½d.; Foreign 3d.

Price One Shilling.



MR. JACK BUCHANAN

The famous English actor who is waking up America in "Wake Up and Dream," which has repeated the success it made at the London Pavilion at the Selwyn Theatre in New York. It opened there at the end of December and has been going great guns ever since. Jack Buchanan has also, as his numerous admirers know, made a good success on the movies, to which he is by no means a stranger. It was his sterling performance in the serious film, "The Happy Ending," which made him in the cinema world, and he has been in heaps of other successes

The Letters of Eve



THE WINTER DISTRESS MATINÉE AT THE HAYMARKET

Arthur Owen

A group of some of those who helped at this matinée at the Haymarket Theatre last week. The Marchioness of Titchfield was chairman, and Lady St. John of Bletso vice-chairman. The names are: Miss Elizabeth Loeffler, Miss Helen Greg, Miss Pamela Dawnay, Lady Elizabeth Yorke, and Miss Silvia Coke. "Cox and Box" was given by permission of Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte, and the Balcony Scene from "Romeo and Juliet" by Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, and Mr. John Gielgud

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

DEAREST,—The few events of last week—and, bar the usual weddings and small private parties, they were few enough—were completely over-shadowed by the excitement of the opening of Parliament and of the much-awaited Five Power Naval Conference. It is true, of

course, that these functions were somewhat over-shadowed themselves by the one fog of the season, which timed its arrival at such an inauspicious moment to the consternation and dismay of our foreign visitors. They must have been struck by the versatility of our climate after the spring-like Sunday before. Still, one can't have everything. And the whole nation was thrilled to hear on the King's opening speech, for his voice and delivery were as good as they have ever been.

* *

There have been a good many stories of minor tragedies caused by the fog on that occasion, for several quite important personages



THE V.W.H. (LORD BATHURST'S) HUNT BALL

Dennis Moss

A group including the Master of this famous pack and Lady Bathurst, taken at the Bingham Hall, Cirencester. Left to right: Standing—The Hon. Ralph Bathurst, Mr. C. Jones Mortimer, Lord Alastair Graham, Lord Bathurst, M.F.H., Mr. John Leicester Warren; seated—Miss Jean Grant, Miss Spence-Colby, Lady Maureen Brabazon, Lady Alastair Graham, Lady Bathurst, Lady Mary Graham; and seated on ground—Mr. R. G. Rawstorne and the Hon. William Bathurst. Lord Bathurst's pack is one of the most carefully bred in all England



Arthur Owen

THE HON. DIANA SKEFFINGTON AND MISS JOAN VERNEY

Who were also assisting at the matinée at the Haymarket in aid of the Winter Distress League. In addition to the other items in the programme mentioned above, a number of leading actresses and actors generously gave their services to enrich the programme which was an exceptionally good one in every respect

were badly delayed by it and others were lost altogether. It was rather unfortunate too for many of the rest of us, especially of the female population, for, having in the inky darkness done our faces for our respective lunch-parties by electric light, we emerged in the fierce light of the afternoon sunshine to find ourselves looking like the painted wooden soldiers. There was nothing for it but to return home immediately and try again. The moral of this is, of course, quite painfully clear.

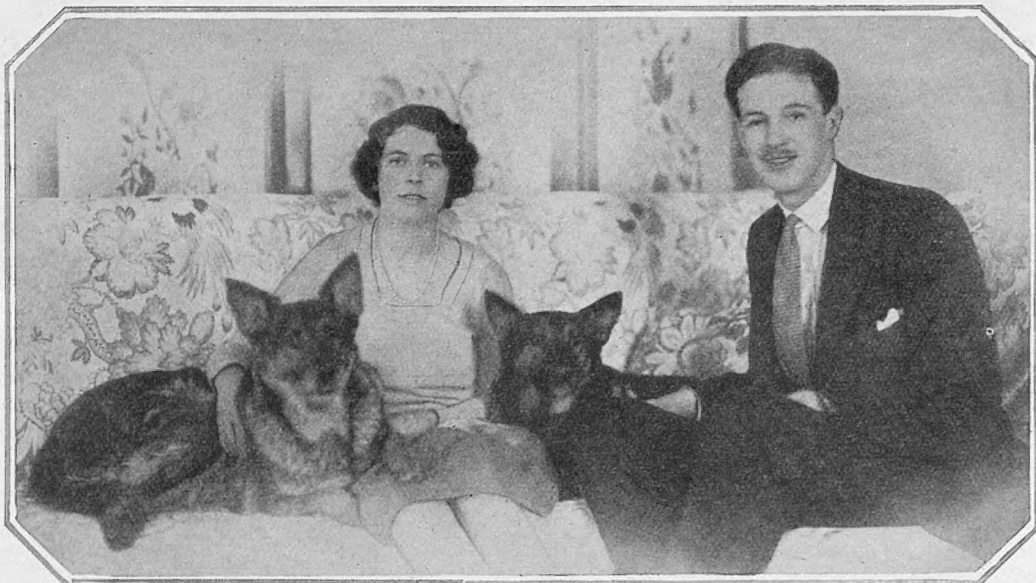
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I have heard of an enchanting story about one of the distinguished Americans now in this country. I can't quite vouch for the truth of it, though my

authority is a pretty good one, but I would certainly like to believe it, for the lighter and more human aspects of the great are so much more endearing, and probably much more effective generally than their stern official ones. Anyhow the story goes that this American, like a great many of his countrymen, is much given to practical jokes of the better kind. And a favourite form of practical joke in the States is to have a bogus butler, or servant of some kind, to let a few into the secret, and watch developments.

Well, this American, who must of course be nameless, gave a big dinner party, got a well-known comedian to impersonate his butler, and confided only in his men guests. The butler did a good many outrageous things which the men thought very funny and the women pretended not to notice. But the climax came when the pseudo-butler decided to concentrate his drink offerings on a well-known lady advocate of prohibition. He plied her with every known vintage, and at last, after repeated and more and more vehement refusals, entreated, "Well, do try some of —'s special sherry. I assure you it's damned good."

Another dinner-party story which caused a good deal of laughter last week in London concerns a much-travelled and rather beautiful young hostess who must also be nameless. I am sorry this is such a nameless letter up to now. Apparently the commissariat had been a little strained to provide enough for eight people, and both the soup and the fish had been distinguished for quality rather than quantity. At last the *pièce de résistance* arrived. It was a dish of plover I think.



LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS-HAMILTON AND
MR. JAMES DRUMMOND HAY

Who are to be married in Salisbury Cathedral on February 1. Lady Margaret is the younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton



Perhaps it was some other kind of bird. However, whatever they were, they were dropped on the floor by the butler. Not a bogus one this time. Light-heartedly the host said "Never mind, we must have some cold ham." But it appeared there was no ham. Nor, apparently, were there any of the other substitutes that he suggested. The cupboard was entirely bare. At last the hostess had a brilliant idea. "They shall be washed and brought back," she said. And so they were. I am sorry that I have no record of the conversation during their ablutions.

And now, after being so nameless, I must come, very humbly, to the subject of names, for I am sorry to say that I made a very careless slip in my letter to you last week. I was writing about the Empire, where they were showing the *Greta Garbo* film, and where they had afterwards, considerably after midnight, the first private showing of *Hallelujah*, followed by a supper and dance. I said that I had seen Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger there, whereas I meant Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger. Except for their names, one could not possibly confuse them, for Mrs. Robin is tall and dark and handsome, and Mrs. Gerard is petite and fair and piquante, for who does not remember Miss Edythe Baker. But I am particularly sorry as Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger is in deep mourning for her mother, Mrs. Farquharson, who died less than a month ago, and incidentally she has been in a nursing home for some days.

MR. AND THE HON.
MRS. McNAIR SCOTT

Who were married on Wednesday last week at Christ Church, Long Cross, Surrey. The bride was formerly the Hon. Mary Berry, and is the eldest of Lord and Lady Camrose's daughters. Lord Camrose was formerly Sir William Berry, Bart. The bridegroom, Mr. Ronald McNair Scott, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. McNair Scott of Barrans, Chobham



OUT IN THE SNOW AT MÜRREN

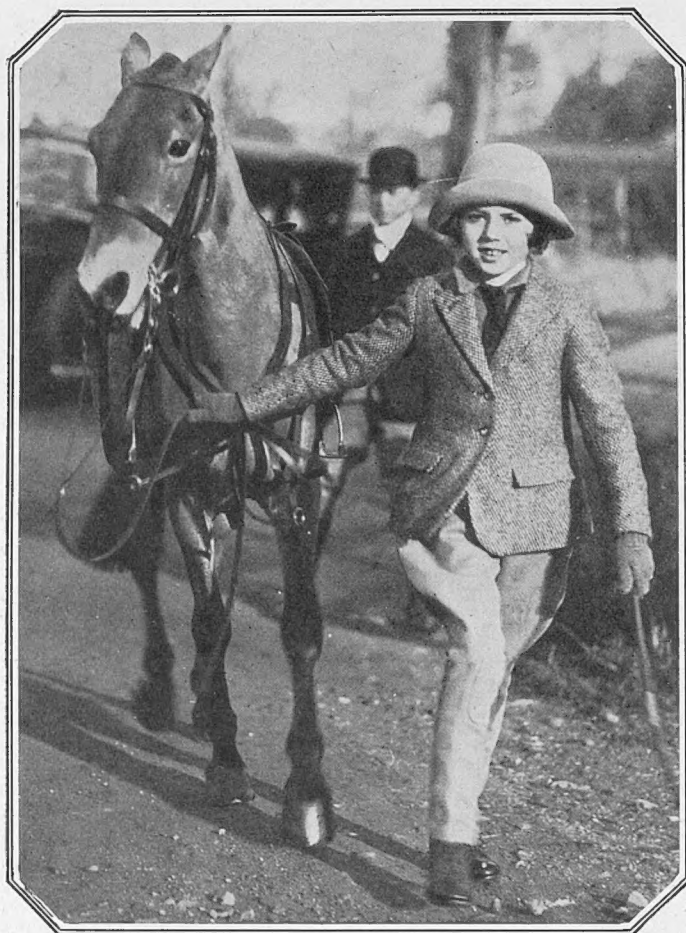
Some of the people who are making Mürren as merry a spot as usual, and in this group, numbering off from the left of the picture, are: Miss Crewdson, Lord Farnham, Lord Knebworth, Miss Sale Barker, Lady Jean Mackintosh, whose sister, Lady Margaret Douglas-Hamilton, is in the picture at the top, the Hon. Verena Maxwell, and Mr. Tommy Lindsay

Paragraphs, especially incorrect ones, and social journalists bring me to Evelyn Waugh's new book, "Vile Bodies," which we were all reading last week. For in that the two young peers who contribute the chatty columns for two rival papers are put to the utmost limits of imagination and gate crashing to fill them until one, in desperation, commits suicide in a gas oven after dictating his masterpiece of invention over the telephone in the very early hours. It's a very amusing satire all through, though hardly as subtly brilliant as "Decline and Fall," with the not too underlying thought of the futility of most things. The characters are purely imaginary, of course.

Whether it is because of the unusual liveliness of January this year, with the Naval Conference, the Italian Exhibition, and one thing and another, or because of the general

(Continued on p. 188)

c 2



LADY MARY PRATT

A future front-ranker over the grass, let us believe, at the recent meet of the Cottesmore at Loddington. Lady Mary Pratt is Lord and Lady Brecknock's only daughter

shortage of cash and fears of a worse shortage after the Budget, there seem to be far more people about everywhere than there usually are at this time of the year. Last Wednesday, for instance, after lunching at the Embassy, where I found most of the usual habitués, including Miss Ma'a Brand and her now celebrated Chow puppy, Tiger, I went into a well-known jeweller's where I ran into the Bobbie Jenkinsons, Madame de Landa and her daughter, Lady Patsy Moore, and Lady Manton, or was it her sister Mrs. Fitzalan Howard? They are very hard to tell one from the other except when they are together. Later in the day I found at Claridge's, at cocktail time, a big men's party, including Lord Londonderry and the Gordon Selfridges *père et fils*, having an early dinner before going on to the fight.

* * *

Talking of cocktails, that gay and enterprising little mixed club in Savile Row, by which I mean Nash's, which has risen from the ashes of the too exclusive Master's, has started a new attraction in the shape of Miss de Nys and Mr. William Walker, who play and sing there between six and seven every evening. It's a very good idea, as the main double room is rather on the small side, so that conversation when it is crowded is rather difficult, and when it is not, sometimes becomes embarrassingly penetrating. But the music solves both, for it has both a silencing and a covering effect, apart from its very obvious qualities. However, there is another bar, without music, for those who prefer it.

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

But to go back to the people I've seen about. I met Mrs. George Metaxa in Bond Street, looking even more lovely, if possible, than the last time I had seen her. She and her husband are a very decorative and enchanting couple, and I think that when he sings, as he does for the sheer love of it, at small parties, his voice is even more attractive than it is on the stage. Which reminds me that a very good record of his is coming out at the beginning of next month. Last week he caused some amusement when some young women were asking him how he managed to fall without hurting himself in his death scene in *Bitter Sweet*. He answered that it had been very painful at first, that he had tried padding and had then learnt to do it. He then proceeded to give a demonstration and eagerly suggested that he should teach them how to fall. Being a Rumanian with a very good knowledge of our language, but hardly a complete mastery of it, it was some moments before he realised why everyone was laughing.

* * *

Another very special treat that we are getting at this otherwise dull season of the year is the series of four recitals that Benno Moiseiwitsch is giving at the Wigmore Hall. The first one will be over by the time you get this letter, the second and third will be on the next two Saturdays in the afternoon, and the last, his Chopin recital, on the following Wednesday night. I have just been reading an appreciation of this great artist written by a schoolboy of seventeen who wonders if he can be Chopin in disguise. And how right he is when he says "divine inspiration holds this Ariel; he heeds but the inner voices, and scorns the flash and dash of those whom fools call great. The grand style finds no champion in this artist with a soul. To him, theatricality is worse than hell" . . . he is a poet playing for his art.

* * *

I shouldn't be surprised if one of the next revues to be put on is called *The Kerb Step*. It's a nice name, anyhow. And that clever pianist, Arthur Young, who can sit down and play anything he is asked from Beethoven to Debussy, Albeniz, and all the newest songs and dance tunes, excused himself the other day for his continuous and continual absence from home, his telephone remaining unanswered day and night, by saying that he was composing a tune for the kerb step. Does he write it on the kerb, one wonders.—All my love to you dearest, yours ever—EVE.



A YOUNG HOUSE-PARTY AT LAMCOTE HALL

Some of those who were at the Melton Hunt Ball went on to week-end at Lamcote Hall, Radcliffe, Notts, with Colonel and Mrs. Charles Birkin. In this group are: Mr. Charles Birkin (a son of Colonel and Mrs. Birkin), Miss Dawn Gold, Mr. Peter Coats, Lady Audrey Talbot, Miss K. Conn, Mrs. Charles Birkin (the hostess), and Mr. Alistair Innes-Kerr (a son of Colonel Kerr)



MATTERS OF STATE IN

THE PRIVY COUNCIL CHAMBER

A Panorama of Empire in Buckingham Palace

Under the title "One Family," and described by its producer, Mr. Walter Creighton, as "a dream of real things," an allegorical Empire picture of extraordinary comprehensiveness and beauty, has been made by British Instructional Films



Left: DOUGLAS BEAUMONT CONSULTS THE IRISH FREE STATE (IMPERSONATED BY LADY LAVERY)

and will be shown in London in the spring. The central figure is a small boy (Douglas Beaumont), and the marvellous adventures which befell him when he visited Buckingham Palace in company with a London policeman (Sam Livesay) form the keynote of the story. These scenes were all taken actually in Buckingham Palace, with distinguished personalities as representatives of the British Commonwealth of Nations. The shooting of this talkie film necessitated journeys to every part of the Empire.



LADY CARLISLE AS SOUTH AFRICA



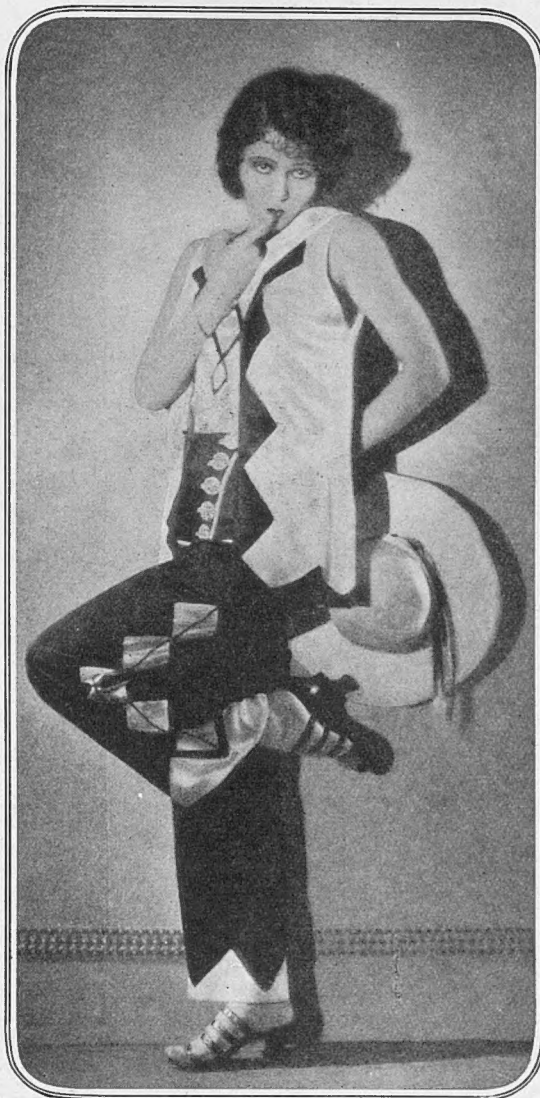
LADY LAVERY (IRISH FREE STATE), LADY RAVENSDALE (NEW ZEALAND), MISS DADHABOY (INDIA), LADY KEEBLE (CANADA), MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY (AUSTRALIA)

Photographs by Eric Gray

The Cinema : By JAMES AGATE Towards Conversion

PEOPLE are really extraordinary. The other day I happened, by some inexplicable fluke, to be present at one of those dinner parties of which one reads in novels. It was a stag-party; all round about me were men looking supremely conscious of having made the Empire what it is. Enormously impressed, I told a regrettably flippant friend about this, who promptly remarked that he would have preferred to dine with women who made the old Empire what it was. But to resume, as one who is never lacking in taste would say. You know the kind of men by whom I was surrounded—the bronzed elephant-hunter with the eye of a hawk, the retired General who has made a distinguished mess of things on the North-west Frontier, the unretiring politician of the "shoot-'em-down" type, the elderly financier who is mean about cabs, the man of science with the bulging forehead, the gross feeder with the bulging waistcoat, the thin, spare man who knows about the bank-rate, the great writer who will never be famous, the scribbling nonentity, and the middle-aged man whose name you don't catch, but whom everybody calls Bill. Probably a Duke. Presently the subject of the films cropped up, and straight away I came upon an extraordinary thing. This was the fact that every man present had visited the talkies once, and found them abominable from the point of view of sound-reproduction. It appeared that each man had paid his little visit to them at their very inception, and I was amazed that it had not occurred to any one of these intelligences that the faults alleged by them against the talkies were questions of matter only and not of mind. It had not occurred to them that they were condemning the talkies for the same reasons which led people to condemn the early motor-car. But even far-flung men of Empire can be made to listen to reason if you peg at them long enough—say for the length of a cigar and a half. And about one o'clock in the morning I got them to agree that if mechanical imperfections had not already been conquered, they would be. What about the quality of the stuff reproduced perfectly, or imperfectly, I then asked them? Here again I found extraordinary unanimity. Not one man present had any objection to vulgarity as such; all the objections centred in the fact that the vulgarities being disseminated were not British vulgarities. Nobody had any objection to the vulgarising of the youthful English mind; it was the Americanising of our infants which stuck in these eminent gills.

A few evenings later I was at a party of a totally different kind. The scene of it was one of the loneliest inns in Wales. The little house in question is situated at the top of what must be one of the loveliest mountain-passes in Great Britain. There is no other habitation for miles, and on that bitter night there appeared to be no neighbours nearer than the stars glittering with unusual splendour in the intensely cold air. We had not intended to pull up, but as my friend's big car swung noiselessly round the corner we heard through the little pane of glass serving as window for the bar-parlour the ineluctable strains of a fox-trot new in London yesterday. Now it is all very well talking about the anxiety of the Londoner to get away from London. That anxiety is nothing compared with the frenzy with which he desires to get back to it. At the sound of Jack Dotty's Band



"A ROSE OF SHARON"

Beautiful Sharon Lynn, who is appearing in the coming Fox film, "Happy Days," which is said to be rather like "Sunny Side Up," but better, and includes many of the "Sunny Side" cast

my friend and I scrambled out. Inside the inn we found a crowd of miners and shepherds, game-keepers and poachers, while the ladies of the party from the hostess downwards were of the hard-bitten, Hardy-esque variety. Fearing that I should be accused of exaggerating, I shall not say how many couples took the floor in that room eight feet by six, which as everybody knows is the size of a bed-room carpet. I am no dancer, and so spent the next hour or two drinking beer with one hand, and with the other changing the records on a machine which required winding up twice for every disc. I was relieved from this task only when it pleased the B.B.C. to desist from discussing the Manners and Morals of the Ptarmigan, the Conjugation of Spanish Verbs, and the Latest Peruvian Contribution to the Theory of Earthquakes, and turn to what is alleged to be its normal business—that of providing dance-music. Let me say here that at whatever may be the closing-time in Wales the wassail-bowls disappeared to be replaced by steaming mugs of cocoa. Presently dancing ceased and we fell to conversation about modern miracles. It appeared that among us was an old poacher who lived in a moorland cabin and whose unlawful supply of rabbits and other game was winked at by the local landowner, of whom the poacher was alleged to be the foster or some other kind of brother. The old hermit, it appeared, could do anything with two bits of stick, anything from making a fire to tickling trout. And it appeared too, that out of more or less the same material he had built himself a wireless-set. He informed us that he was saving up his rare pennies against the time when there should be such things as cinemas for the home, and he was looking forward confidently to the time when pictures would be thrown direct from the studio on to a screen

the other side of which would be occupied in keeping out the wind from the Irish Sea. I shall not enlarge upon the possibility which this old boy's talk conjured up, a possibility which fills one with either rejoicing or alarm, the possibility that "the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world" is about to be achieved not by holiness but by Hollywood. That is why I hold it to be essential that we should wage war in its most horrible form on any and every kind of vulgarity, whether it be American or our dear old English sort.

In the meantime let me again return to the film called *Flight* at the Capitol. This film seems to me to be ideal in every respect. The story and the whole production enthralled me, as only a very fine play and very fine acting can do. For two hours I entirely forgot the medium—that is to say I was hardly conscious as to whether I was sitting in a theatre proper or in a picture-palace. In other words, I was living with the people on the screen just as when the acting is perfect one lives with people on the stage. No nonsense was talked in the film, and all the sense was spoken beautifully. So far indeed has sound-reproduction improved that the love-passages, which were few and not imbecile, came over *pianissimo*. I should like to say here that the moment all talkies become as good as *Flight* I shall become their most ardent champion.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xii

THE OVER-THE-TOP GAME-NEWBURY



THE HON. OSMOND HASTINGS
AND MRS. GUY LUCAS



MISS FULLER, MRS. J. P. WALKER,
AND MAJOR HOLLAND



MRS. GEOFFREY LOWNDES AND
CAPTAIN ERIC PATTERSON



CAPTAIN DENNIS AND THE
HON. MRS. FOLJAMBE



MRS. J. BRIDGES AND THE
HON. MAUD ACLAND-HOOD



MISS RENNIE AND MISS
NANCY PAINE

The going at Newbury the day these shots were obtained was of the girth-stretching order, but we all know what is said about "the more dirt." The racing was tip-top, fields good, and disasters mostly harmless. Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Gerald Foljambe, who is a half-brother of Lord Liverpool and whose wife is in one of these pictures, had one running in the Weyhill Hurdles, won brilliantly by Clear Cash, originally a recruit from the flat. Mr. R. H. A. Gresson's Mister Moon won the Sefton. This owner won the Viceroy's Cup with Recall when he was in India, and he owned a good 'chaser in Gracious Gift, who ran in the National and fell. Miss Fuller is a sister of Sir Gerard Fuller, who was in the Tins. The Hon. Osmond Hastings is a brother of poor Aubrey and of Lord Huntingdon; and Miss Nancy Paine, the daughter of a former Master of that good pack of hounds the Old Berks, Mr. L. Paine (1909-13). Captain Eric Patterson is well known in the V.W.H. country

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

From Leicestershire

THE Melton ball on Thursday night was a triumph for "the Colonel," borne out by the fact that people were still dancing at 4 a.m. Quite the best ball since the War. The mounted harlequinade next day with the Quorn was beyond all belief, and resembled a recruits' ride doing the charge. It seems an incredible thing that so many people who would not dream of sitting in a car with no controls should pay good money to try and balance on a horse on which they have about the same effect. Take the case of the lady whose screams for help being attended to, besought that her foot might be replaced in the iron. Our deepest sympathy with Philip, who in his position as field-master endeavoured to control the rabble, and merely got knocked down and his wrist broken very badly. A very courteous gentleman at two successive obstacles dismounted to replace a lady's iron, and in getting on again he was what is known as "thrown," his horse galloping on for a couple of miles. When it was returned to him he seemed to be suffering from a surfeit of Fellowe's S(t)yrup. Fred was knocked down and jumped on, but fate seems to have decreed a different end for him and he was unhurt. How true is the saying, "Fellows make misfortunes for us all." Violet, Barbara, and Harry jumped an enormous bottom with rails like the wall of a "Kheddar" in front. The latter's horse then took charge round the field, and only acute vertigo brought him to rest after the eleventh circuit, just as his rider was saying "Rien ne va plus." Saturday at Burrough Hill explains itself. Monday the Quorn ran nicely from Ella's to Charlton Gorse, and then finding an outlier they ran well past Lord Aylesford's and Saxelbye, to kill him in the open. A lot of horses over-reached in the deep going but only one casualty, Mr. Peason being rather badly concussed as a result of being thrown.

From Warwickshire

THE more wet the more sport" has been an axiom as long as men and women have gone a-hunting, but a wet summer is just as effectual as a wet winter in providing scent, and at the moment would seem a deal pleasanter to all concerned. With this passing snarl at January conditions let us pass on to recount the good day these hounds enjoyed last Monday, when a fox led from Arden Hill to Gannaway, and circling quickly round Grove Park, beat Cox and the entire field close to Hampton-on-the-Hill. Later there was a fast gallop from Lingey to Sherbourne, in which two well-known followers vied with each other as to how much mud they could collect upon their usually immaculate persons—Mr. Ringer, we hear, being in much request in many quarters next day. "How is Hark Holloa?" said the hopeful owner, thinking to get three days out of his suffering quad during the current week. "Capital, sir," said the head of the remount department, "he eats well and sleeps well, but may go a bit clumsy-like with his hind joints the way they are!" An unholy crowd at Gaydon Inn on Thursday, but the outlier near Bawcuts provided a merry ride. Some enthusiasts galloped along the railway line, but Reynard was headed back past Gaydon, over the Lakin's fences at Pipers Hill, and on Itchington Holt, whence he was forced away through Checkley's Brake back to the Holt, and out again to Kingston Farm, where he was killed. A good hound hunt this of two-and-a-half hours—the first part fast enough for the state of the country covered. "Congrats" to Roy and Cicely; may they negotiate the intricate country of matrimony as light-heartedly and easily as they do the Warwickshire Vale.

From the Belvoir

AS the huntsman is still suffering from the effects of his fall, Mr. Tonge has carried the horn on all four days, and sport has been excellent. On Tuesday from Stubton the dog hounds got away close to a traveller, and ran hard for fifty minutes without a check, and made a long incursion into Blankney country, losing him in Stapleford Wood among fresh foxes. It was the best hunt so far in the Tuesday country. On Wednesday we had a day on the Heath from Harlaxton and Denton, but scent was poor all day. On Friday the Lincolnshire side round Torkington rode too deep for pleasure, although the pack scored a fair gallop with an outlier from Aswarby. On Saturday we had real good fun from the meet at Staunton Grange. Scent was good and hounds showed splendid sport. The first fox was lost in Southholts country, then one from Staunton Hall was killed, and another from Normanton Thorns gave a grand hunt out to Bennington and back. From Allington there was another good hunt over a similar line, and the day ended with a fast burst from Debdales. In the first hunt the big dyke close to Staunton Covert caught three visitors in its muddy depths, and they got a proper soaking. So effectively had the stiff thorn fences done their work that by three o'clock the blood-stained field gave one a very good idea of the retreat from Mons.

From the Heythrop

AFTER Sunday night's terrific gale trees were strewn over the roads and everywhere on Monday, and there was considerable mourning after the night before when several of our followers were held up *en route* for Evenlode, including the major and family, who had to go miles round to get to the meet. Howton, a splitting fifty minutes over the Vale, soon finished the gale gas. A good hunt like this is always made up of goings and partings, and in both categories were our huntsman and secretary (who incidentally will want a new hat), and the lady on the grey who, in spite of the S.O.S. shouts of



MRS. BERTRAM HARDY

Keturah Collings

The wife of one of the Joint Masters of the Meynell, Major Bertram Hardy, who shares the command with Mr. Hilton Green. They succeeded Sir Harold Nutting, who has been elected Joint Master of the Quorn

her friends, was broadcast by what she firmly believed was a wireless obstacle. Wednesday from Hopcraft's Holt was another great day for a small but select field, which included a few Bicester visitors. Rignell provided a good fox, and no one was more pleased than our sporting friend the covert-owner himself. The *pièce de résistance*, however, was the two-hours' hunt from Hawk Hill. The going was very heavy, and so were some of the riders, and very few saw the end of this good hunt. Friday at Bradwell Grove was not quite up to the standard of the two preceding days, but the evening hunt was a very fair sample of the wall game at its best. We were sorry to see one of our oldest and most respected lady members come to grief, but luckily she seemed none the worse. On Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Rice kindly plied us with all the popular *poudres-de-sauter*, but unfortunately it was a case of more *poudres* than *sauter*, as scent was very bad and a somewhat poor day resulted. Lawrence had a bad fall and George took over the duties of huntsman, and did very well too, though somewhat troubled by the trumpet.

From the Fernie

Those out on the Cranoe day voted it the best of the season. Hounds could do no wrong and hunted their foxes with great drive. The afternoon hunt from Vowes Gorse through the pick of the Saturday country was a record, Peaker whipping off in darkness. The Masters waxed eloquent over the performance, and hounds deserved all the praise bestowed

(Continued on p. vi)



MISS JEAN HILEY AND MR. BARRY CAULFIELD



MISS MERLYN WARD PREPARED FOR THE BEST

"The Ecstasy of Pleasure"

In the Bernese Oberland

More pictures from the playground of the Western world, taken in the neighbourhood of Wengen. Ski-runners do not always look like this, but those who fall for this fascinating sport (and some do so quite often) consider that bruises, and even broken bones, are a fair price to pay for the exhilaration attendant upon it



"WHERE 'TIS SUBSTANTIAL HAPPINESS TO EAT": LUNCH TIME AT SCHEIDEGG



LEFT: MRS. VIVIAN LOYD AT WENGEN



Claude Harris
MRS. ISIDOR EPSTEIN AND HER SON,
LESLIE

Mrs. Isidor Epstein is the wife of the well-known composer and pianist, who is at present en route to South Africa on a professional tour. Leslie, the son and heir, is said to have inherited his father's talent, and to be a quite exceptional little violinist

three times in one's life marvellously clears the brain of its blind prejudices and its sillier composites. If there had not been a War on the years between 1914 to 1918 would have been a glorious revelation into the better side of human nature in the aggregate. People were ever so much more human, consequently nicer, during the War years. Metaphorically speaking, it stripped most of us bare, and both ugliness and beauty were revealed under the stress of mortal uncertainty. The more preposterous pretences went by the board. What nobility there was in people came straightway to the surface. What was greedy and callous and ignoble also soared into the light of day. But nobility and unselfishness preponderated. Thank God for that! The mutual danger, the necessity for self-sacrifice, pity, loving-kindness, charity, all helped to make the world a lovelier place to live in. Never daring to ponder long on what might happen on the Morrow made everyone more alive and vital during the To-day. The tragedy of suffering and suspense forged most human beings into the likeness of one great family. We got to know each other more easily and better. There was an ideal to strive after, and in the attainment of it we shared it with others; we dared not concentrate almost entirely on securing the plums solely for ourselves. Danger blew us out of our rut, and in that narrow passage we left behind us much of that selfishness, that conceit, that callousness, that idiotic pride, which usually makes of the human world such an arid desert of grab, greed, and "grousing." If only at the same time there hadn't been a War on, alas! . . . If ever the Creator should create another universe He will surely arrange that there are a few planets which follow no natural laws, but wander hither and thither threatening the Earth without ever actually colliding with it. It would increase the pace of moral and spiritual evolution and good government by a thousand years at every threat of disaster. And there would be no physical suffering and desolation and no heartbreaking loss. Maybe it is because, quite apart from the literary style which touches often the high-water mark of beauty, in "All Our Yesterdays" (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), Mr. H. M. Tomlinson has recaptured so marvellously the human rapture of the days of War that his book brings back the wonderful spirit of those four terrible years more clearly than most of the War books which lately have been written. Having lived through them, it would be impossible to read the book unmoved, our memory crowded by the equally piteous though equally fine incidents of our own experience. The book is not exactly a novel, although it is more actually creative than anything Mr. Tomlinson has yet written. He takes a handful of people, most of them from the East End dockland of London, though in contrast to these there is Lady Carroll, wife of the head of the Carroll Liners, and her set, and he tells us of their home life, of their experiences years before the War, what they did, and

A Great Book of the War.

It was, I believe, Dr. Johnson who said that for a man to be condemned to be hanged is a wonderful short-cut to clear-thinking. The sentence, I fear, is badly misquoted, but nevertheless that was his idea. And the pity is 'tis true! To be sentenced to a possible death two or

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By Richard King

how they reacted to it when war came. Thus we are on familiar terms with most of the characters before actually they live within sound of the guns. With the parents of the younger generation we go through the years of the South African War; then when the great European conflict breaks loose we suffer with the older people and follow at the same time the young ones in their great and, as peace has disclosed, their almost futile adventure. Consequently the book is a story of human lives, something of social history, a pungent criticism of world affairs as they are, alas, mismanaged, woven together by a beauty of narration which undoubtedly makes it the finest book which Mr. Tomlinson has so far given us. The actual descriptions of the War itself are the most vivid I have ever read. The terror, the suffering, the unutterable sadness of it all. And then peace. And now over that area which for our generation will always remain sacred ground there is this:

" . . . a motor charabanc. It approached us and stopped. A large party of men and women descended from it and grouped about a guide, who interpreted the dumb outlook for them. Those people wandered about. They were looking for souvenirs, I suppose. One man made a ball of paper, and struck it away idly with his stick in the direction of Longueval. It was a holiday. Yet there was no bitterness even in the heart of the two soldiers who, returning to the place where they had suffered and known within a short space of time more than these tourists will ever know in all their lives, stood and watched. One of them speaks, "There is nothing to forgive," he says. "They never knew what they were doing. They don't know now. So how are they to know we see what they can't? How are they to understand what isn't there for them? Our time is not theirs old lad. We are not in their day. There he is," he continued, displaying the lost helmet in the grass again. "There he is. Even he is in our day, though his name is gone. You can't read it now, but he belongs to our time, for he saw the sun of it, and they haven't seen it yet. . . . Only that day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star."

An Interesting and Delightful Novel.

One of the very best novels I have read this year is undoubtedly Miss Netta Syrett's "Portrait of a Rebel" (Geoffrey Bles. 7s. 6d.). This story covers a period of roughly eighty years, the years which, for women especially, were years of violent revolution. It begins in Victorian days, when Pamela and Fanny, the motherless twin daughters of Mr. Justice Thistlewaite, are being brought up by an aunt, a timid, bird-brained woman, and a mentally dull and rigid governess. At Gideon Grange their life is one of daily



MISS MARY LEE, C.B.E.

Whose book, "It's A Great War," has been published by George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. Miss Mary Lee was Secretary of the Pilgrims of Great Britain and business secretary of the American Officers' Club

(Cont. on p. 196)

FUNNY FINANCE. By George Belcher



She (to husband, who has been for twenty-five years unpaid Secretary of Savings Club): It's all very well 'aving an 'obby, but a man with more sense would 'ave got one that was more ludicrous

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

monotony. A girl of to-day would also call it a life of daily privation. Central heating unknown, hot water a luxury, and a fire in one's bedroom only permissible on point of death! The social code as narrow and relentless as a prison passage. One day there descends on to this dull, orderly life another aunt, as gay and worldly as the one with whom Pamela and Fanny lived was conventional and frightened. The other aunt immediately takes her two nieces to London for the gaieties of a season. Fanny, easily led, falls in love with and marries a young naval officer; Pamela also falls in love, but with a man who seduces her and disappears. The officer being killed just before Fanny's baby is born, the two sisters make their home in France. Here Pamela's illegitimate child is brought up as the twin to Fanny's baby, thus saving the moral situation. Fanny, however, dies in childbirth, and then Pamela has to face her world alone and to work for herself and the two children. It was especially difficult because in those days a "lady" was not supposed to do any work at all if she would still desire to remain a "lady." In a Chelsea bookshop Pamela slaves for a wretched livelihood; slaves and fights for greater freedom, not only for herself but for all other working women. A rebel she is indeed. And her revolt brings her into constant conflict with the mid-Victorian notions of duty and propriety. In an era when a nice woman's life was blessed only if it kept within the confines of a home, Pamela had to fight for her own personal liberty and for the opportunity to carve out a life for herself and her little family. Thus Miss Syrett's novel is not only a vivid, well-written, life-like story, but also a picture of social history. Unlike many writers whose tales contrast the old with the modern, she is never angry with the Past. While describing its rigid, narrow outlook on morals and domesticity, she makes us realise how even the Spartan existence of the old days led to a graciousness of manner, a nobility and unselfishness which to-day seems more to be a matter of wonderful good fortune than of special educative design. Indeed she has written a very human, a very interesting, and a very lovable story. A novel which it would be a misfortune to miss.



Wife: How do you know the "talkies" will give you a headache? You've never been
Husband: No; but I've had headaches, and I know how I got them

Affirmations.

I am no scientist. Let me explain this first of all, since otherwise I might interpret the meaning within Sir Oliver Lodge's new book, "The Reality of the Spiritual World" (Benn. 1s.), all wrong. His theory, however, I take it, is this: In the space between two material bodies exists what, for want of another explanation, I will call the essence of life. Just as we can have no knowledge that electricity is present unless its presence is manifest in some material object, though of course it was there all the time, so life itself, which also means personal individuality, exists in space, though until it is made manifest in a physical body we, with our limited vision, cannot realise its presence. Thus the miracle which is life itself exists everywhere around us and eternally, though only in its purely physical existence can we see it made manifest. Thus that atom of life, which is Oneself, exists quite apart from its mere physical aspect. We are therefore so many indestructible atoms in a boundless space. Sir Oliver suggests, moreover, that we enter the physical plane only to mould our personality,

as it were; to make it more definite, more clear-cut, more individual, as some lesson to be learnt. Physical life, therefore, is just one vital moment in the evolution of the human soul towards perfection. As this atom, which is Oneself, enters into the physical body, it henceforth becomes bound to the limitations of what is purely material. That all the longings of the heart and soul are therefore memories of the wider life which we have led and shall lead again, perhaps for ever. It is a deeply interesting theory, because it helps to explain so much which mere Faith and desire leave surrounded by, and founded on, mere emotion. In "The Reality of the Spiritual World," Sir Oliver condenses within thirty pages the gist of his longer book, "Phantom Walls." Both are an extraordinarily valuable addition to the evidence of a personal existence after death. Valuable especially because the evidence appeals to one's idea of logic. In the belief of Another Life so many wishes are "father" to so many convictions. Between the assertion of a world-famous Spiritualist that on the Other Side a delightful villa, already furnished, and with, presumably, the bed aired, awaits his arrival, and the lady who believes that her late husband is not really dead, on the strength of a trumpet being hurled rudely into her lap at a séance, the mind, asking for conviction founded upon something definite and logical, treads exceeding warily. Or should do so. It is this attempt

to build up belief in a life hereafter on firm scientific grounds which makes all Sir Oliver Lodge's books on the subject so deeply interesting—so very deeply interesting. "The Reality of the Spiritual World" is all this, and because it is written so that the ordinary person of average intelligence may understand it and comprehend its meaning, it is more than usually valuable to the earnest searcher after the Truth.

* *
Helen Keller.

There is something so fascinating in the life of Helen Keller that any fresh chapter she may

give us of her wonderful record is interesting and helps to increase our admiration of her triumph over a handicap which most other people could only imagine no triumph were ever possible. Losing at eighteen months her sight and hearing through illness, and with it, so it was supposed, her power to learn to speak, she has succeeded in becoming a lecturer of the first order, a writer, a woman of deep learning, and one who has long since been accorded a high place in the world of those who, "without apology have received her into the world of the seeing." In "Midstream" (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) she continues the story of her life up to the present time. The book is dedicated to Anne Sullivan, now Mrs. Macy, who taught her in the beginning and whose love brought light into her darkness, making all her later achievements possible. It is still the same deeply interesting, wonderful story—the more moving because much of it concerns the writer's own simple home life. How amusing she can be too! Especially when she tells us of the numerous busy-bodies who tried to organise her life for her, "manage her," and only succeeded in driving her back into herself. Yet she is touchingly grateful to the people who really tried to help her. Of the famous men she has met; of the way in which she can really appreciate music; of all the incidents of her life, she has made a delightful book.



CARL BRISSON AND ELISSA LANDI



A SCREEN VILLAIN IN A NEW ROLE: WILLIAM POWELL AND FAY WRAY IN "BEHIND THE MAKE-UP"

William Powell, whose brilliant playing of villains' parts has been a feature of many American films, has a more sympathetic rôle in his latest Paramount picture. Fay Wray is Canadian

Take a Look

Some Film Celebrities

So Carl Brisson has grown a moustache! His countless admirers will probably have something to say about that when they see him in "Knowing Men," Elinor Glyn's first talkie, which he and charming Elissa Landi have just finished making at Elstree. Born in Denmark, and winner at the age of seventeen of the middle-weight championship of Central Europe, Carl Brisson came to England after the War and quickly became famous in musical comedy. Some two years ago he turned his attention to the films, and he is now under contract with British International Pictures. Miss Landi played the lead in Mr. Anthony Asquith's "Underground." Dorothy Sebastian and the Duncan Sisters have a thirst for information on various matters, and in the group on the right they are being instructed on the finer points of cinematography by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's ace cameraman. London has frequently "revued" the Duncan Sisters, and Dorothy Sebastian's face, via several important pictures, is also well known in this country.



DOROTHY SEBASTIAN AND THE DUNCAN SISTERS

OUR RIVIERA LETTER

MY DEAR TATLER,—We have had some of the most perfect weather that you can possibly imagine these last few days, and I have been out of doors the whole time. As a result of the sunshine there has been a general rush to the beaches for sea-bathing, and at Cannes one morning I saw a regular bevy of pretty girls in the water at the famous sunshine *plage*. I myself have been playing golf, and spent a perfect day up at Mont Agel, where I saw a good many people playing, amongst them Sir William Yarworth Jones (who has just won the medal competition), also Lady Bowater, Sir Walter de Frece, and the Prince of Monaco.

I have just come back from a very delightful dinner party at one of the most beautiful of the Monte Carlo villas, where we sat on the terrace after dinner and watched the most gorgeous display of fireworks in honour of the Prince's birthday.

Every year I look forward to the fireworks, and they are indeed extremely fine ones, costing as they do over £2,000 for just under half-an-hour's display.

The last tableau showed the entire town of Monaco and

the great Palace lit up by vivid scarlet flares, and looked for all the world as though the whole place was in a blaze. There was a great roar of muffled cheering from the masses of townsfolk who thronged the harbour and the great quays, and afterwards the Casino square was one solid mass of people who waited to see the Prince arrive for the gala at the theatre.

I went over one day to Beaulieu to see the great gathering of lawn-tennis pros for the Championship of France (Bristol Cup). This year is the tenth anniversary of the meeting, and I must say it is a real treat to see the game played so soundly and so well.

There were a good many other people who seemed to have

were all competing; while young Maskell, the foremost British representative, pleased everyone by his wonderfully fearless hitting and fine, clean-cut strokes.

No one was expected to beat Karel Kozeluh in the singles championship, as he stands out head and shoulders above the

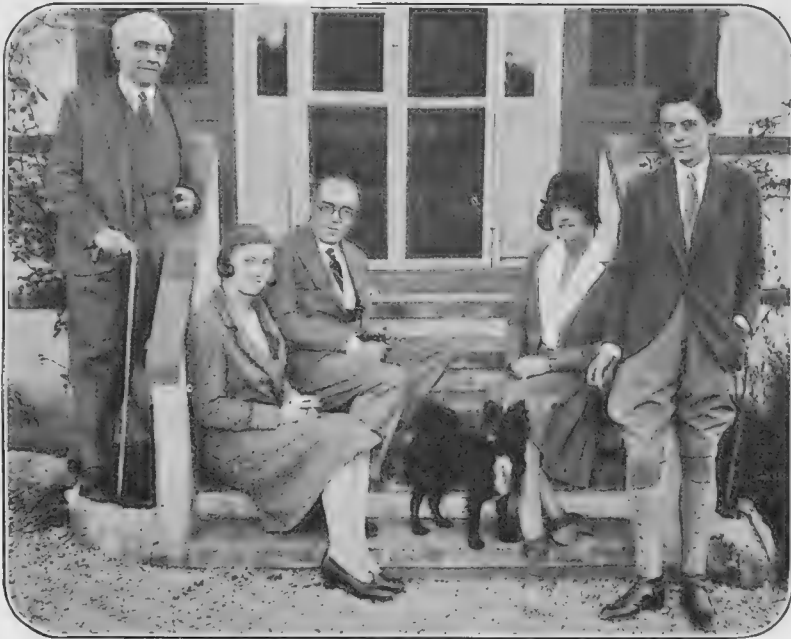
rest, but his magnificent display in the final, which incidentally was umpired by Big Bill Tilden, who came over specially from Monte Carlo to do it, was so unusually good that there were perfect storms of applause at many points of the game.

The Duke of Connaught, who had not previously watched any lawn tennis this year, arrived early in the game, and afterwards presented the huge new cup, and chatted with the players for some time before leaving.

I am just off now to dance to my favourite nigger band at the Cabaret Club under the Sporting, which as I told you in an earlier letter, is just absolutely "it" in Monte Carlo now.—CAROLINE.

the same opinion, for the stands were very well filled, and amongst the audience I saw Lord and Lady Cecil Douglas with Major and Mrs. "Tolley" Wingfield, also Major and Mrs. Dick Warde from Marylands, Major Berkeley Levitt, Lord Cholmondeley, and Colonel Balsan, who never misses the chance of seeing a good game whenever there is one going, and also William Tilden, who watched with the keenest interest. There were no less than four Kozeluh brothers taking part in the tournament, one of whom of course is the famous Karel, who has carried off all the pro. championships there are.

The two Burke brothers, so well known in Cannes at the Carlton Club; Ramillion, the young French boy who is with them; Negro, Nafuch, and the Schmidt brothers from Berlin; and Plaa, who is so well known at Deauville,



AT THE DOMAINES DES CHARMETTES, ANTIBES

The charming villa of Mr. and Lady Patricia Russell at Cap d'Antibes. The names in this group are: Mr. Henry Russell, Miss Nancy Barry, Commander Barry, Mrs. Barry, and Lady Patricia Russell, who is the youngest daughter of the late Marquess of Dufferin



THE DUCHESSE DE GRAMMONT AND Mlle. GABRIELLE CHANEL

On the tennis court at Mlle. Chanel's beautiful villa at Roquebrune, Cap Martin, Alpes Maritimes, where the Comtesse de Grammont has been staying recently. There is only one Chanel, the designer of beautiful Paris frocks



MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR TOWLE ON THE RIVIERA

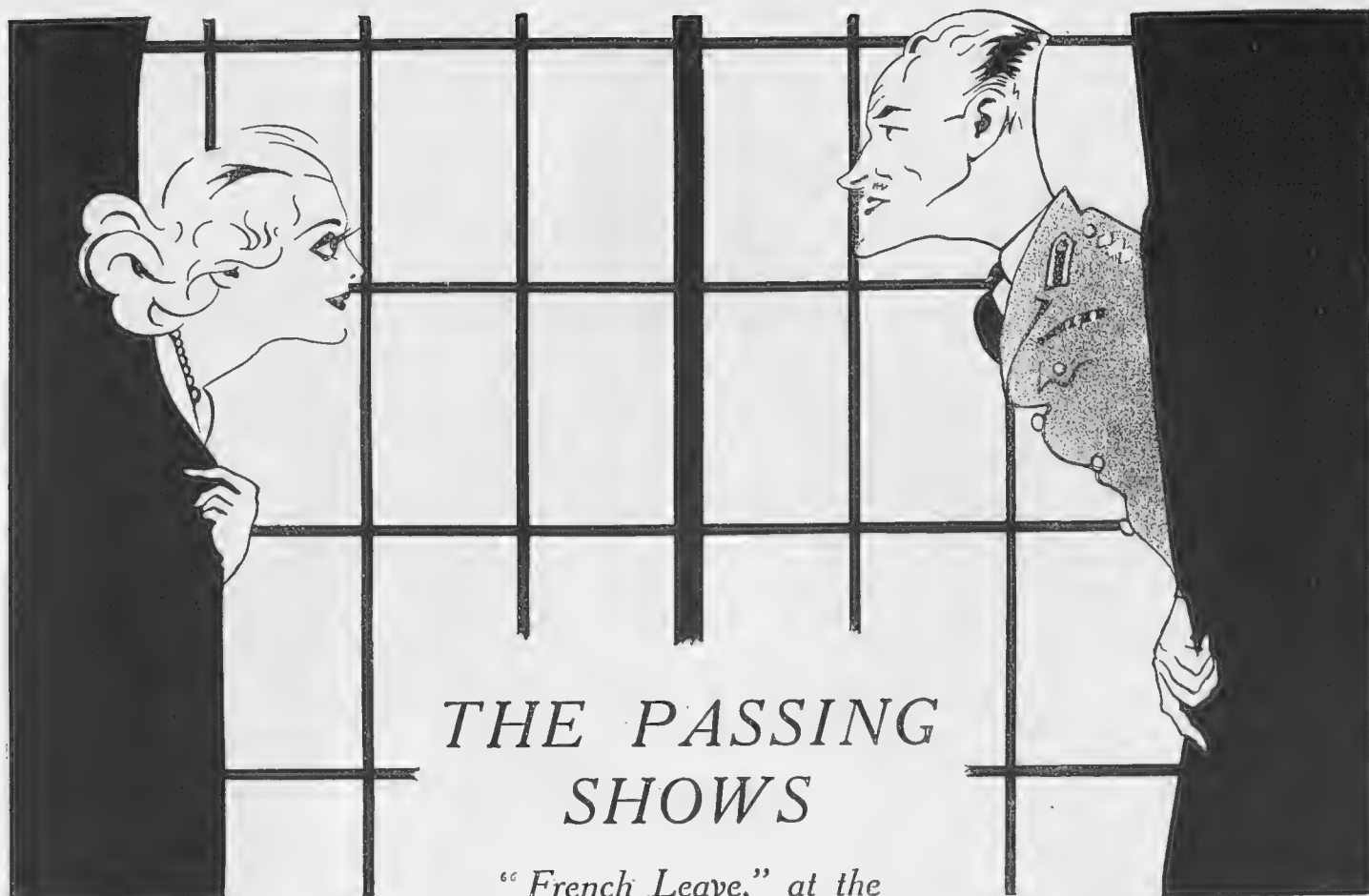
A recent snapshot of the famous Controller of the L.M.S. Hotel Services and his charming wife, who is in her literary entity, Margery Lawrence, the authoress of many charming books and short stories



Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street

THE COUNTESS HOWE

The latest portrait of one who was perhaps more familiar in Society as the beautiful Viscountess Curzon. The late Lord Howe died of heart disease on January 10 last year, and was succeeded by his only son, Viscount Curzon, famous both as the fighting member for Battersea, when he was in the Lower House, and in the motoring world. Lady Howe is her husband's cousin, and is a daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Montagu Curzon, a younger son of the first earl



THE PASSING SHOWS

"French Leave," at the
Vaudeville Theatre

THE WOMAN IN THE CAMP

Miss Madeleine Carroll as the Brigade-Major's wife posing as a French singer on holiday so as to be near her man-of-arms

FRENCH LEAVE, by Reginald Berkeley, first produced in 1920, is one of those agreeable trifles which tickle the palate for a few hours of after-dinner leisure.

It is no more a "War play" than *The Middle Watch* is an authentic naval occasion. The uniforms, the red tabs, the Cockney witticisms of the Brigade Mess Orderlies—Corporal Sykes representing the old soldier who is something of a diplomat and no end of a deceiver; Rifleman Jenks the New Army, before whose humour the ranks of Eyewash were sometimes perforce to quail—these martial trappings present the image of war with none of its grim realities.

The story, stripped of its khaki, would serve its purpose well enough for a farcical comedy without innovations. By a simple process of demobilisation the mess-room of a brigade headquarters resting out of the line, "somewhere in France," becomes the drawing-room of a country house at Hurley or a flat in Mayfair. Brigadier-General Archibald Root is easily recognisable as our old friend the rich uncle. That conscientious officer, Captain Harry Glenister, his Brigade-Major, assumes the rôle of the indignant nephew;

UNMILITARY CONDUCT

The Brigade-Major (Mr. James Raglan) conducting a game of hide and seek behind the curtains while the others play "cherchez la femme"

Corporal Sykes becomes plain Sykes the butler; and Rifleman Jenks adorns civilian life as Jenks the footman.

The rest is easy. The rules about rich uncles and indignant nephews are well known to every student of farce. By Rule 1 the uncle is a crusty bachelor of uncertain temper; the nephew, if he marries at all, must submit the lady of his choice for avuncular approval on pain of losing his inheritance. By Rule 2 the nephew marries with due clandestine stealth (the ceremony should be performed before the curtain rises, to save time) a girl of whom the arbiter of his financial destinies is foredoomed to disapprove. This is obvious, because by Rule 3 the lady is a chorus girl, a film star, an artist's model, or something equally distressing. By Rule 4 she arrives at uncle's house, is hidden, discovered, and suspected. By Rule 5 her husband, sighing for a lawful honeymoon, is trapped into denying her as his wife, and forced to spend the remaining two Acts in watching her frenzied efforts to pass as a woman doctor, a member of the Salvation Army, or the daughter of a foreign nobleman. By Rule 6 every male present pursues her with attentions which scorch the breast of her hapless husband with flames of jealousy past endurance.

Translate this harmless necessary theme into the lighter zone of war, substituting Army Orders for



ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS BEHIND THE LINE

The Brigadier (Mr. Charles Laughton) and the volatile Madame Denaux (Miss May Agate) add to the gaiety of a dark and stormy night



THE INTERPRETER

(Mr. Emlyn Williams) waxes eloquent on the devastating theory that "Mlle. Juliette" is a notorious German spy

between the mess and her bedroom in the middle of the night. Arrest for herself and court-martial for Harry seemed inevitable when the fool interpreter declared she was a notorious German spy, and the Brigadier wrote a private report to the Divisional Commander requesting instructions.

Possibly the main issue that emerges from this sparkling military *mélange* is whether Mr. Charles Laughton's stertorous Brigadier is a piece of good work or the reverse. Does the occasion call for a piece of burlesque? Is this waddling, ogling, bellowing old puffin an over-etched caricature, or does Mr. Laughton think that brigadiers are fantastic figures that appear to have pranced out of opera bouffe? On the one occasion when this officer appeared to take matters seriously he was moved to remark that "as a plain soldier" he must do his duty. Now in Mr. Laughton's defence, if any be

avuncular jurisdiction, and here in the hands of an author with a ready wit and a nice turn of dialogue is that entertaining comedy *French Leave*. Mrs. Glenister waited impatiently for her husband in Paris, and a further honeymoon after four months' absence. Harry's leave was cancelled and Dorothy could wait no longer. Into the train she stepped and out at the village she alighted where she knew her husband's brigade was last in rest-billets. So there burst upon the farm-house usually reserved for brigade headquarters not Mrs. Glenister of England, but Mlle. Juliette of France, a lesser light of the Paris opera, who had come home to rest her voice and visit Madame Denaux, her aged mother. Juliette wore a creation in black and white with a white pleated skirt and a corsage in black with big white spots, and a divided black cape and a black felt hat. Juliette bribed the aforesaid mother and the admirable Corporal Sykes, talked broken English, and set on fire the responsive hearts of the explosive Brigadier and the susceptible Staff-Captain, driving thereby her agonised husband into spasms of jealousy and un-casiness, and landing everybody in the dickens of a mess when the men-folk played a most improper game of Box and Cox

needed, it may be urged that a plain soldier this Brigadier-General most certainly was not. What happened in this particular mess demanded a commander who was emphatically tuppence-coloured. One does not look to sober-sided generals with one eye on promotion for comic relief in war-time. This one—irate, vain, uncertain as an April day—represented a type familiar to all admirers of Mr. H. M. Bateman. Which is not to say that the army has never known a General Root. Allowing for stage licence and the latitude and longitude of farce, civilian opinion dares to hint that plump and petulant little men with loud voices and three rows of medals do flourish in the higher commands, and probably always will, until armies are quashed for ever by Labour Governments and the League of Nations.

My own verdict is distinctly favourable, with a rider thrown in to the effect that there were some moments when Mr. Laughton roared too loudly and too huskily, and others when a little restraint would have done no harm. But on the whole this addition to the Laughton gallery of crusty old gentlemen is an enrichment not lacking the usual humour and observation. One must not grumble if a character-actor of Mr. Laughton's calibre occasionally quits the heavies and enjoys himself. What a relief it must be after Russian drama, red-haired Sadism, and Prohackian palaver, to have one's little fling in farce.

Mr. Charles Groves' Corporal Sykes is all Aldershot and King's Regulations symbolised in two stripes, a gem of a performance, hand-cut by a master-craftsman. Altogether a flawless specimen of humour and economy. Mr. Frederick

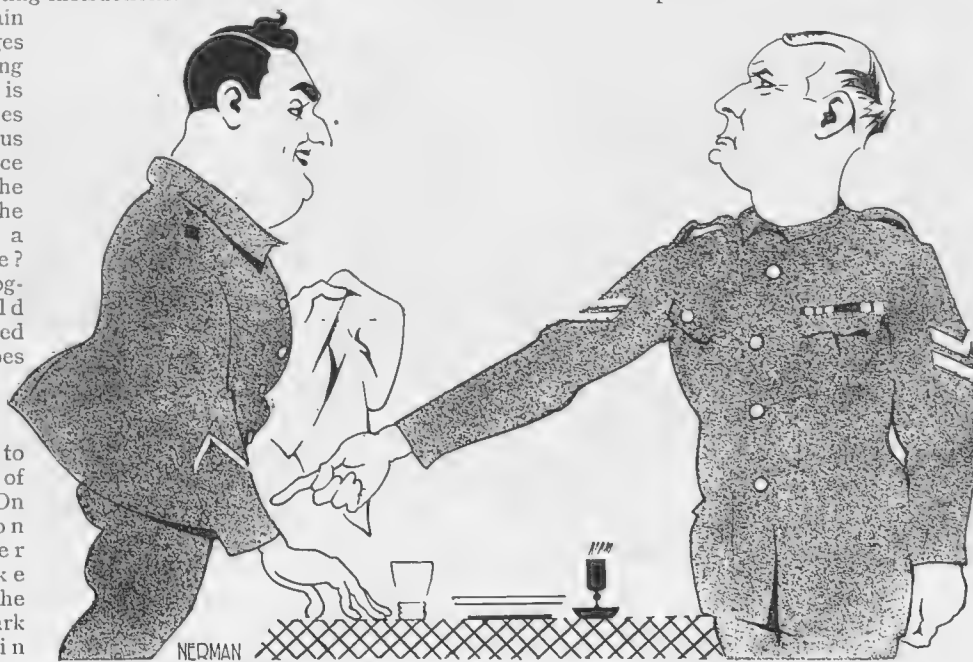
Burtwell's smile and unbuttoned tunic are on the same delightful plane of comedy; Mr. James Raglan's good-looking Brigade-Major accurately reveals the heart of the newly-wed on the sleeve of regulation cut; Mr. Edward Scott-Gatty's susceptible Staff-Captain contains many effective touches in the minor key; Mr. Emlyn Williams is positively perfect as the Brigade Interpreter; Miss May Agate's linguistic display is a model of temperamental fireworks; and Miss Madeleine Carroll's decorative range has ample margin for hasty alternations of wifely devotion and coquettish deception. "TRINCULO."



NEDMAN

A TOAST TO BEAUTY

The Staff-Captain (Mr. Edward Scott-Gatty) falls heavily for "the peach," much to the fury of her lawful husband



SCANDAL—AND DISCIPLINE—BELOW STAIRS

The mess-waiter (Mr. Frederick Burtwell) listens enraptured to the revelations of Corporal (Mr. Charles Groves)

AT THE LEICESTER MEETING

LADY DOROTHY FRASER AND
(left) MISS BISSELLLADY BERYL GILBERT AND
THE HON. MRS. DE MOLEYNsMRS. TONY BELLVILLE AND
MRS. MONTY RAYSONMISS HANBURY-TRACY
AND MR. SCRATCHLEYTHE EARL OF HUNTINGDON
AND MRS. W. S. POWERMRS. HARRY BROWN AND
LADY LETTICE LYGON

The weather was kind to the first day of the Leicester January Meeting, and in three out of the six events odds-on favourites justified the faith put in them. Good progress has been made with the tote buildings, and it is anticipated that they will be in use when flat-racing opens there early in April. Though Lady Dorothy Fraser had no horses running she was taking her usual keen and knowledgeable interest in the contestants. Lady Beryl Gilbert was another owner present and ran Derrygrath in the Novice's 'Chase. Mrs. Tony Bellville was Miss Audrey Kidston before her marriage last year. She and her husband have a house at Preston, near Stratford-on-Avon. Mrs. Power, who is seen with Lord Huntingdon, is the wife of Major "Bill" Power. She and her husband are very well known with the Meynell and live at Grangewood Hall, Netherseal, which used to belong to the late Colonel Arthur Clay

THE COUNTRY AND THE TOWN



Howard Barrett

THE SOUTH NOTTS MEET AT FLINTHAM HALL

The fixture the South Notts had at Flintham Hall, His Honour Judge Hildyard's and Mrs. Hildyard's house, was the first held there for sixty years. It was the after-the-Melton Hunt Ball that this meet was held. The names, left to right of the picture, are: Mrs. Pritchard Barrett, Miss Cunningham (behind), Mrs. George Fillingham, Captain Greenwood (the ex-Rugger International), Captain and Mrs. Milward and their children (Captain Milward is the South Notts Secretary), Mr. W. Filmer-Sankey (Joint Master), Mrs. Hildyard, Judge Hildyard, Mrs. Owen Taylor (Joint Master), Major T. Huskinson, Captain H. G. Sherbrook, R.N., and Mr. Cyril Bryce-Smith



IN THE PARK: MR. AND MRS.
SCHWAIGER



WITH THE MONMOUTH HOUNDS: MRS. S. A.
H. BATTEN AND BRIG.-GENERAL FEATHER-
STONHAUGH



IN THE PARK: LORD FALKLAND AND
MISS TONIE BRUCE

The Monmouth picture was taken when the Monmouthshire Hounds were at Monmouth Castle, where their hostess was Mrs. Batten. Brig.-General Featherstonhaugh used to be in the Indian Army. The two other snapshots were got in Hyde Park, where it has been prematurely springlike. Mrs. Schwaiger is better known on the stage as Miss Adèle Dixon. Lord Falkland was formerly in the Grenadiers



"AGE CANNOT WITHER . . ."

Yvette Guilbert, who has again been singing some of the chansonettes, which made her famous for all time, and held her audiences at the Théâtre Marigny with a hardly-noticed diminution of power. Yvette Guilbert was born in 1868, and made her début at the Variétés in 1888

TRÈS CHER,—A howl of triumph has gone up from the authorities responsible for the new parking laws in Paris! As you may have heard, it is now forbidden to park one's car in the centre of Paris for more than thirty minutes at a time during the daytime, also parking is entirely forbidden in certain streets, while, on the other hand, various areas are given up entirely to parking . . . a privilege, however, that has to be paid for! You can imagine the indignation that these new rules called forth. The most disastrous results were predicted, and everybody swore that they would do this, that, and the other, rather than submit to these new tyrannies! Well, as I say, the authorities are triumphant. The first few days of the new régime certainly seem to have cleared the streets of Paris.

* * *

My own experience of the new method is quite a pleasant one. I drove down to the rue Royale on the first morning that it was in operation, and of course found plenty of room outside the Renaissance Galleries where I was going to see Mary Guinness' Exhibition of Painting. A *sergeant de ville* looked at me a bit "old-fashioned-like" as he saw I was preparing to leave the car by its lonesome, but I reassured him by telling him that I only intended to leave it there for twenty-nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds, and he passed on to argue with a lorry on the other side of the street that seemed to have got somewhat mixed up with a lamp-post . . . a mix up that must have taken a good deal more than half-an-hour to clear away. As a matter of fact, I was not so long as I expected to be. The show at the Renaissance did not particularly enthral me. But this is a purely personal opinion. . . . I am not an art critic. When I look at a picture my usual query is: "Now, would I or would I not care to live with that hanging on my wall?" Of late years the answer is usually an emphatic "No!" so you can imagine that I am not particularly modern in my tastes. When I tell you that—an' I gather from the foreword, by Waldemar Georgz, in the catalogue—Mary Guinness has been influenced by Anglada, by Gauguin, by Bernard, and by André Lhote, you will understand that I have not much understanding or sympathy for her more important pictures. On the other hand there are several small pastel studies, mere sketches, some of them that I find quite lovable. "Portrait of the Artist" for instance, and a certain "Girl's

Priscilla in Paris

Head." I also like her landscapes: "The Alcazar at Toledo" and "The Bridge" . . . and since her exhibition has been well noticed by various modern-minded (and visioned) critics, it is, no doubt, my taste that is at fault, and not her work! . . .

* * *

The *première* of *Frédérique*, Franz Lehar's latest operetta—which is, in reality, an *opéra-comique* which might have been produced at the Opéra-Comique—took place at the Gaiété Lyrique with great brio. The composer himself led the orchestra instead of the usual *chef d'orchestre* of that theatre, M. Georis, who will resume his post after the first few performances. I can quite understand the *attrait* of having a well-known composer *en évidence* at the production of his opera, but I do think it rather hard lines on the real leader of the orchestra who is thus done out of the glory attendant on the First Night.

* * *

The plot of *Frédérique* is merely a stage rendering of one of the early love affairs of Goethe. *Frédérique* is one of the daughters of the Alsatian, Pastor Brian; Goethe is in love with her, and she returns his love, but she swiftly comes to realise that a poet is not an ordinary man to be bound by the narrow conventionalities of bourgeois life. *Frédérique* therefore feigns indifference, and Goethe, believing himself to be heart-broken, though we have other thoughts on the subject, departs to conquer other worlds. When the ex-lovers meet again, years later, the poet has become the world-famous author of Werther, and *Frédérique*—who has sworn never to love again, is quite content to bask in the reflected glory of a "has-been"! As you can imagine this demure little tale has not inspired Lehar to write anything but a tunelessly sentimental score. There is, of course, the inevitable waltz in the second Act that the audience "simply loved"! René Gerbert, who plays the rôle of Goethe, was obliged to give four "encores," and if Lehar had not been particularly authoritative he would probably be singing it still. At the end of every Act the composer was dragged on to the stage? He is a pleasant looking, neatly groomed, not-too-rotund, white-haired old gentleman, obviously as pleased with his reception as we were to accord it to him.—PRISCILLA:



Widinger

THE APACHES: MARTHE AND LORELLE

French to the backbone, they have captured Berlin, where this picture was taken at a fashionable cabaret. Marthe and Lorelle, who are said to be an astounding pair of Apaches, come to London early in February



Irving Chudnov

LILY DAMITA CALLING !

The beautiful French film star, who for the moment has deserted her own element and is appearing on the legitimate stage in a play called "Sons o' Guns" at the Imperial Theatre in New York. Lily Damita was born and educated in Paris and has starred in French, German, and British films, to say nothing of American ones, and the best known of her French films is "Red Heels." Her British pictures include "The Road to Happiness," "The Queen was in the Parlour," and "The Golden Butterfly," adapted from P. G. Wodehouse's novel. She made her début when she was only six in a French film

SPORTING SOCIABILITIES



KEEPING A WEST KENT APPOINTMENT: Miss Chandos-Pole-Gell, Miss Reid, Mr. Kenneth Urquhart, and Miss Ruby Nevill at Brasted Place



WITH THE SOUTHDOWN: Captain the Hon. Inigo and Mrs. Freeman-Thomas



A COTTESMORE OCCASION: Miss Margaret Loeffler and Colonel John Gretton, M.P.



WITH THE PYTCHLEY: Mrs. Dudley Coats out "shooting"



AT MELTON: Lady Georgiana Curzon and Mrs. W. E. Paget

Herewith pictorial records of various hunting appointments recently kept by the camera in the Shires and Provinces. Miss Ruby Nevill, who is seen in the top left-hand group, is a niece of Captain Larnach-Nevill, the new Master of the Bridge. Both she and Miss Reid as members of the West Kent wear the distinctive hunt collar of black velvet piped with white. Captain and Mrs. Freeman-Thomas, Lord and Lady Willingdon's popular son and daughter-in-law, were having a day with the Southdown from Ditchling when they were photographed. When the Cottesmore met at Burrough-on-the-Hill pretty Miss Margaret Loeffler was kept busy acknowledging a mass of good wishes on the announcement of her engagement to Mr. John Gretton, the only son of the Squire of Stapleford and the Hon. Mrs. Gretton. Lots of Pytchley personalities are likely to see themselves as Mrs. Dudley Coats' ciné camera sees them, as the result of her shooting operations at the Naseby meet. This form of sport is becoming increasingly popular, and Mrs. William James' daughter is getting quite an adept at it. The picture of Mrs. Edmund Paget and Lord and Lady Howe's lovely daughter was taken when the Quorn met in Melton the morning after the Melton ball. Lady Georgiana Curzon is a frequent visitor to Leicestershire, usually staying with her aunt, Lady Kathleen Curzon-Herrick, at Beau Manor



THE CHARIOT

By Kay Nielsen

Dual Control

By CHARLES TREHANE.



"Suddenly I realised a man was standing on the ground close beside me"

"WELL, yes," said Parbury, "as a matter of fact, I have had one extremely hair-raising experience flying," and he gazed meditatively into the fire.

Three of us—he, and a fellow called Ramsey, and I—were sitting smoking in the club room of the Ramble Light Aeroplane Club. I had just taken up this most thrilling of sports and had come over to the club to have my second lesson in the art of flying a Moth. But the weather had been unkind; the wind, which an hour previously had been only light, had gradually freshened to gale force, and there was little prospect of our being able to go up that day. So we had repaired to the smoking-room for a drink and a talk, and had got on to the subject of peculiar experiences.

"Tell us about it, won't you?" said Ramsey, and I eagerly seconded him.

"Well," said Parbury, "it's a long story, but if neither of you fellows are in a hurry, and would care to hear it—it's certainly the most unpleasant experience I've ever had."

We settled ourselves comfortably into our chairs, and he began.

"It was last year," he said, "you probably remember, a great World Exhibition of Aircraft was held in Berlin. Well, I and a pal of mine decided to fly over to it in my Moth, but at the last moment Andrews—that was my friend—found he had to rush over to Belgium on business, so we arranged that I should do the first part of the flight alone and pick him up at Amsterdam. That was all right, of course, and I made up my mind I'd start off as early as I possibly could so as to make sure of reaching Berlin before it got dark. I was rather particularly keen on the flight because I should be the first person to fly from this aerodrome to Germany since the War."

He paused to light his pipe, and then went on.

"I got down here soon after dawn and found that the mechanic had already got the 'plane out on to the aerodrome and was waiting for me. The weather reports were quite good, though it was a very dull morning with a lot of ground-mist about.

I made a careful examination of the machine and then climbed in. I was just having a look round the cockpit while the mechanic was giving the prop a few turns—usual business, you know—when suddenly I realised a man was standing on the ground close beside me. I hadn't seen him come up, but then of course I'd been busy, and as I say, there was a certain amount of ground-mist about; but I was distinctly surprised—one doesn't expect to find strangers wandering about the aerodrome at that time of the morning. He was a small, thick-set fellow—looked German—and I remember noticing that he had fair close-cropped hair, because he had no hat on. He came close up to me and in broken English told me his name was Herr Albert Schloss; he knew I was

going to Germany, said he was frightfully anxious to get there himself, and begged me to take him with me."

Parbury paused for a moment, and Ramsey murmured something about it being pretty cool cheek, but Parbury was gazing into the fire and didn't seem to hear him.

"At first, of course, I said it was impossible, ridiculous, out of the question. And then . . . I dunno . . . why is it one sometimes acts quite unrationally? It was all rather extraordinary—his knowing I was going and suddenly appearing like that—and my letting him climb into the seat in front was, well, extraordinary too. I've thought over it hundreds of times since . . . I dunno . . . I asked him if he'd ever flown, and he told me, with what I thought was rather naïve honesty, that he had been a pilot in the War. There was something particularly decent about him, and when he spoke of Germany he seemed so frightfully keen. . . ."

For a while Parbury sat gazing into the fire, his mind away back in the past at the aerodrome on that early morning at dawn.

"As a matter of fact it rather appealed to me that the first aeroplane to leave this aerodrome for Germany since the War should take as passenger a German aviator who had probably fought against us in those beastly years. I explained, of course, that I could only take him as far as Amsterdam, but he nodded vigorously, and, as I say, I let him climb in. I lent him a spare helmet that I always keep in the cockpit for friends I take for joy rides, and we started off.

"For some time I was hardly conscious of my passenger; I was too busy to give him a thought. Conditions at first were pretty bad; visibility near the ground was rotten because of the mist, and there was a lot of low cloud about. I climbed to nearly three thousand but couldn't get any better horizon, so came down again to a few hundred and flew along above the mist. When once we had cleared the coast and were out over the Channel I climbed to about one thousand five hundred and cruised level; the weather then was fine and visibility excellent. I headed a bit north-east of Calais, and struck the far coast near Dunkerque, then flew along the sea-board over that wonderful stretch of sand. The air now was completely calm, bumps were left behind, and I was almost able to fly the machine 'hands off.' We hummed along without incident, and soon sighted the arm of the Mole curving out into the sea at Zeebrugge; ahead of us I could see the glistening patch of water running inland from the sea which marks the Scheldt.

"I had been flying, as I say, with only the lightest touch on the stick, but about this time, for no particular reason that I can remember, I took a 'feel' at the controls, and they seemed unaccountably stiff. I tried to waggle the control stick, but it was practically impossible to move it. I next eased my feet on the rudder-bar, but that also appeared to be jammed. I looked round the cockpit and hastily glanced over the side, but I could

see nothing that might be interfering, and then I realised that the obstruction was probably in the forward cockpit."

Parbury paused to take a few puffs at his pipe and then went on.

"The Moth, as I expect you know, is fitted with dual control as standard, and I hadn't removed the forward controls because Andrews and I were going to take it in turns to fly the machine on from Amsterdam. Well, the first thing to do of course was to let the fellow in front know there was something wrong in his cockpit. So I pulled back the lever that closes the throttle so that he would be able to hear me shout at him. No sooner had the engine shut off than I felt the lever spring forward under my hand and she roared up to full revs. again. I tried to throttle her down immediately but I couldn't move the lever an inch; it was held as in a vice!

"You can imagine what a shock that gave me! It came to me like a flash that the fellow in front had seized the controls and was clinging to them. My first thought was that he was mad—and it was a pretty frightening thought; then all kinds of horrible ideas rushed into my mind. But something had to be done. The first thing I tried was to endeavour to regain control by sheer strength—mine against his—but it wasn't very successful. All that happened was that the machine wobbled about. That was no good. So next I left go of the controls altogether and lent forward and hammered with my hand on the fuselage behind his seat to endeavour to attract him. He obviously heard me as he slightly turned his head, but otherwise he paid no attention—only crouched forward lower in his cockpit. It was pretty obvious that I was really up against it.

"Well, then I sat back to think and let him fly the machine himself for a bit—to see what happened. For some minutes we continued on our course, then suddenly the plane banked over and turned to the right, and I realised that we were heading direct for Western Germany."

Parbury lent forward and tapped the ash out of his pipe against the fender. "I'm afraid I'm being a bit long-winded. Not boring you, am I?" We both assured him that we were extremely interested, and he continued.

"Well, this of course completely altered matters. I had to get to Amsterdam, and besides that, we hadn't enough petrol for a direct flight to Germany. I became frantic, tried to shout, beat on the fuselage, wobbled the stick, did everything I could think of, but the blighter didn't even look round.

"A nasty situation," commented Ramsey.

"It was, awful. In the end I decided I simply must bring the machine down. After all it was entirely my will against his, a fight for control meant tremendous risk, but it was simply a question as to whose nerve gave first. Below us was a field, and directly I saw it I took hold of the throttle lever and yanked it back. Apparently I had caught him unawares, for the engine immediately shut off and I held on to the lever like grim death. I could feel him trying hard to shove it forward, but I held on. We lost speed rapidly, and were dangerously near stalling point, when I suddenly realised the controls were free and I was master of the machine once more. I can't tell you what a relief that was.

"To get down to the field I had to make almost a complete turn so as to land into the wind which I'd noted by the smoke coming from some farm buildings. I came in low down over an orchard wall and some outhouses and thought I'd been lucky enough to make a perfect landing, but just as my wheels touched earth I was horrified to see a small ditch running across the field straight in front.

"There was no time to do anything, the next moment we were into it—and up on our nose. For a second the tail stood straight in the air. I drew in my head and crouched down in the cockpit as one instinctively does, and the next second she came right over with a crash on her back; the earth came up to meet me with a bonk!—and then all was still. And I had that wonderful feeling of relief that comes when one realises that things have stopped happening and one isn't hurt.

"I struggled frantically out of my belt feeling first mad with rage at having broken up my machine, and then I thought of my passenger—maniac though he was. Was he hurt? Immediately I'd crawled clear I looked under the fuselage with the idea of helping him out. D'you know he wasn't there! There was absolutely no sign of him. He'd vanished!"

Parbury stopped and we both looked at him, waiting for him to go on.

"Of course I thought he might have been flung out and looked on the ground all round, but he was nowhere. Then a couple of French peasants ran up and I asked them in my rotten French if they had seen him. They seemed to think I was mad. They'd seen the whole thing. There could be no passenger! That made me think perhaps I was wandering—stunned or something. And then suddenly I noticed my spare helmet. It

was lying on the ground directly beneath the forward cockpit—lying there on the ground, undone, with no sign of blood or anything on it."

"But what happened to the German?" I asked after a pause.

Parbury slowly shook his head. "It's completely beyond me," he said, "I've never set eyes on him again."

For several moments we smoked in silence, then Ramsey asked—

"Are you pulling our legs?"

"No. Honestly, I'm not. It actually happened to me. That German was as real to me as you two sitting there. I've no explanation. I tried to trace him. A friend of mine in the Embassy at Berlin made inquiries for me; but they don't seem to help. There certainly was a Herr Albert Ludwig Schloss in the German Air Force during the War but he was shot down in flames in a Gotha after an air raid on London; his body was never recovered, the whole machine was burnt to cinders."

It was Ramsey who broke the silence.

"I'm afraid I'm very practical. My explanation is that you were stunned by the crash and it temporarily unhinged your mind and—well—to put it bluntly, though it seems real to you now, it was all imagination."

Parbury smiled. "Yes," he said slowly, "that's nice and normal of course. I expect that is the explanation."

But I wondered. I'm sure he didn't believe it was.



"To get down to the field I had to make almost a complete turn"



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SHOOTING WITH LORD MALMESBURY



THE EARL OF MALMESBURY



LADY CANTELUPE, MRS. HUMPHREY STUCLEY, AND SIR GEORGE JEFFREYS



LORD WRAXALL AND THE COUNTESS OF MALMESBURY



THE HON. G. AND LADY CYNTHIA COLVILLE

All those in this page were "shot" at a shoot at Heron Court, Christ Church, Lord Malmesbury's Hampshire seat, and the guests, as will be seen, included the G.O.C. Wessex area, Major-General Sir George Jeffreys, who married Lady Cantelupe, who was then the widow of the seventh Earl De La Warr. Lord Malmesbury, who is the fifth Earl, succeeded in 1899 and married the Hon. Dorothy Gough-Calthorpe, who is the youngest daughter of the sixth Lord Calthorpe. Lord Wraxall married a daughter of the Hon. Sir Arthur Lawley, an ex-Governor of Madras, and like many other distinguished people in history, an ex-10th Hussar. The Hon. George Colville is an uncle of Lord Colville of Culross, and Lady Cynthia Colville, whom he married in 1908, is a sister of the Marquess of Crewe

FEATURES OF THE FREE STATE



WHEN THE MEATH MET AT DUNBOYNE CASTLE: A group at Mr. and Mrs. Morrrough Ryan's residence on the morning after the Hunt Ball. Included are: Miss Storeen Barton, Master and Miss Morrrough Ryan, Miss Hamilton, Mrs. Baggallay (Hon. Sec. of the Ball), Denis Baggallay, Lady Holmpatrick, Captain R. H. Fowler, M.F.H., Mrs. A. G. Dalgity of Ryeville, Lady Millicent Tylour, Mr. Dalgity, Mr. and Mrs. Morrrough Ryan, and Mr. Barton of Straffan House. Captain Fowler is Joint Master of the Meath. His opposite number, Captain Hornby, is still a casualty from a bad fall he had some weeks ago



Sir Thomas and Lady Ainsworth



Sir Bryan Mahon and Mrs. Page-Croft



The Hon. Mrs. Wellesley and General Waldron

PERSONALITIES AT LEOPARDSTOWN RACES

Sir Thomas Ainsworth, who is the Master of the "Gallant Tipps," took a day off to go racing at Leopardstown. General Sir Bryan Mahon, now a Senator of the Irish Free State, was G.O.C. the British Army in Ireland, 1916-18. His many friends are delighted to see him out and about again after his recent illness. General Page-Croft's wife is an owner of repute, and usually has horses running at the Irish meetings. Mrs. Wellesley is the wife of the Hon. Henry Wellesley ("Ginger" to his friends), who used to be assistant to Dick Dawson and now trains on his own at the Curragh. Mrs. Wellesley's father, the late Mr. Edward Kennedy, bred The Tetrarch among other famous horses. General F. Waldron is the popular handicapper of the Irish Turf Club

Photographs by Vyvyan Poole, Dublin

Pleasant Portraits Of Pretty People



THE HON. MRS. BRYAN GUINNESS



LADY ELIZABETH YORKE

Though the London season is still some months away, many pretty young people are already focussing their thoughts upon it and feeling pardonably excited at the prospect of their official introduction to grown-up Society. Among them is Lady Elizabeth Yorke, for whom her mother, the Countess of Hardwicke, is to give a ball early in May. Mrs. Bryan Guinness was herself a debutante two years ago, and was only nineteen when she married Colonel Walter Guinness' elder son at St. Margaret's last January. She is the third of the six daughters of Lord and Lady Redesdale, and, as is photographically obvious, charming to look at

*Portraits by Dorothy Wilding
and Edmund Harrington*

RUGBY RAMBLINGS

THE victory of England over Wales at Cardiff will go down as one of the great surprises in Rugby history. Welshmen are always optimists, but never before has one known them so overwhelmingly confident. It was

to them merely a question of how many points their men would win by; defeat was undreamt of. Perhaps the team were victims of over-confidence, which might account for their inability to settle down when confronted by a side which held widely different views.

Not much stress has been laid on one of the chief factors in the English success—the excellent condition of the turf. There was no sign of mud or water, and the authorities must have worked very hard to remove the stigma usually attached to Cardiff Arms Park. The result was that the Englishmen were able to play their normal game instead of floundering about in mire. This was particularly important in view of the youth and inexperience of many of the visitors, who were thus spared what would have been a severe handicap.

The English selectors were lucky in having their chief mistake corrected for them, and doubly fortunate in being able to get hold of Sam Tucker so readily. We were all sorry for H. Rew personally, but there is not the least doubt that the advent of Sam strengthened our weakest spot. Thus for the second England match in succession Sam was called upon at the eleventh hour, and for the second time he made good. His splendid loyalty is of course no more than one expects from a player of Rugby football, but it should be recognised for all that.

The English Captain, Joe Periton, was undoubtedly glad to have his old comrade-in-arms by his side, but his pleasure was not shared by the good people of Wales, who have good reason to respect the prowess of the Bristol veteran. It was his presence, and the way in which he dominated the scrummages from the very start, that went far towards upsetting the Welsh backs, who proceeded to belie all the wonderful stories of their prowess and to give, for the greater part of the game, a thoroughly listless and ineffective display. They were an eight without a leader, and were the most galling disappointment of the day.

There was an enormous crowd, much too big for the ground, and apparently not enough police. It is true that there were several of the latter playing for Wales, but there should have been enough left to cope with the situation. As a matter of fact,

apart from the matter of breaking bounds, which began some time before the kick-off, the spectators behaved splendidly, especially when one considers the keenness of their disappointment. There was some booing of the referee at times, but

nothing really serious, and the crowd watched the defeat of their favourites in comparative quietude, fully recognising that they were being beaten on their merits. They deserve the greatest credit for their sportsmanship and restraint.

The English team played as a team, worked hard from start to finish, and fully deserved their triumph. There was not a single failure, and they stayed the course well, surviving a period of pressure in the second half, and finishing up on the Welsh line. The two outstanding players were Sam Tucker, of course, and J. S. Reeve, whose two tries were the just

reward of his speed and determination. Reeve is not content to stand on the touch-line waiting for work, he sets out in a spirit of gay adventure to look for it, and he generally finds it. His defence was excellent too, and when England were being hard pressed he was all over the place, yet always able to keep a close eye on J. Morley. That brilliant wing, easily the best of the Welsh backs, must have been sick of the sight of the English flier.

It may be fairly said, I think, that England should have scored more, considering the amount they saw of the ball. Granted that the Welsh defence was keen and that J. Bassett, as usual, was soundness itself, the English stand-off and centres should have achieved more in attack. But a certain orthodoxy in their methods and a lack of thrustfulness held them up, and the wings had for the most part to make their own chances. Reeve, as we know, succeeded brilliantly, and A. L. Novis had very hard lines in not scoring on two occasions.

W. H. Sobey made a thoroughly satisfactory début as soon as he had settled down, and in the second half made two beautiful runs by stealing away from the base of the scrum. He gave R. S. Spong plenty of passes, and his partner collected most of them in faultless style, save for a period in the second half. But he hardly made the most of his centres, who were hardly moving when his passes came to hand. Only very rarely did he attempt to go through or beat a man himself, which accounts for the orthodoxy of the attack and the success of the opposing tacklers. Spong's defence, however, was faultless. "LINE-OUT."



THE ENGLISH XV WHICH BEAT WALES 11-3

Gordon Phillips

The names of the actual team v. Wales are: J. G. Askew (Cambridge University); A. L. Novis (Blackheath); F. W. S. Malir (Otley); L. M. Robson (Oxford University); J. S. R. Reeve (Harlequins); R. S. Spong (Old Millhillians); W. H. Sobey (Old Millhillians); S. Tucker (Bristol); D. A. Kendrew (Woodford); A. H. Bateson (Otley); B. H. Black (Oxford University); J. W. Forrest (United Services); H. G. Periton (Waterloo); P. D. Howard (Oxford University); W. E. Tucker (Blackheath). Wales got the shock of her life, as England's overwhelming victory was quite unexpected



Gordon Phillips

H. M. BOWCOTT (WELSH CAPTAIN) AND H. G. PERITON (ENGLISH CAPTAIN)

The rival O.C. teams in the England v. Wales International at Cardiff, which England won all the way over



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If you have not yet tried these preparations, Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 952), 103, St. John Street, London, E.C.1, will be pleased to send you, on receipt of 6d., a sample of all four in a dainty box, complete with instructions.



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AN ECHO OF THE SPINSTERS' BALL AT
BROCKENHURST

A group which will interest a good many people who were at this always cheery show, and which as usual was held at the Morant Hall. The names are: Left to right, front row—Miss Chandler, Mr. T. Clarke, Miss Lyon, Mr. G. W. Clino, Commander Roper Curzon and Mrs. Roper Curzon; back row—Mrs. Scarlett, Mrs. Whitaker, Mrs. Gordon, and Mrs. Palling

OUR leading criminologist, Mr. Edgar Wallace, it is announced, is about to produce a play all about the Chicago gunman, and it is said has collected much useful information first-hand as is this quite intrepid author's wont. It is also rumoured that the fraternity is much intrigued by the idea and thoroughly approves, because it is felt that if anyone can present this down-trodden and misunderstood person in the true light it is Mr. Wallace. "Scarface Al" is due to emerge from a temporary rest-cure very shortly, and if his business rivals permit him to accept it, I feel that it would be a graceful gesture to send him an invitation to the *première*. It is said, however, that Mr. Scarface has only felt really safe whilst he has been in the jug, and that his emergence may be greeted by a hail of missiles from his jealous competitors which may cause him to be so leaky and draughty that he may not be able to cross the ocean. I do not know whether Mr. Wallace has selected a title for his play, but how would *The Plug-Uglies* do? It is unfortunate that this news should synchronise with an announcement that the plug-uglies have just filled an eminent New York journalist with lead; but we must not meet our bridges half way, must we? And let us hope that Mr. Edgar Wallace will long be spared to us in spite of the recent happenings.

A sixty-one-years-old man described as a "human ostrich" said at Marlborough-street Police Court that he had eaten the following items in one day: Six candles, powdered coal, sawdust, and twelve lighted cigarettes. The man, Charles Harrison of Rowton House, Fieldgate Street, E., so I see by the papers, was charged with "causing an obstruction." To whom? From this however we must suppose that the medical knowledge of our incomparable police is indeed profound.

The announcement that Sir Harold Nutting had been elected Joint Master of the Quorn with Major Algy Burnaby, who has carried on alone since the death of Mr. Edmund Paget in 1928, hardly came as a surprise to some of us, but must, I think, be a source of satisfaction to everybody in the Quorn hunt, for Sir Harold Nutting is obviously the right man in the right place. He is no novice, for he was first a Master of hounds in 1919, when he had the North Shropshire for one season, going on to the Meynell in season 1920-21. His Meynell mastership, which lasted till 1929 and was incidentally the longest individual mastership of that

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

renowned pack, was a big success; he bred, aided by Peter Farrelly, a first-class pack of hounds; he and his charming wife were very popular in the country, especially with the farmers, and he did things in a lavish and at the same time thoroughly workmanlike manner. No hunt servants in all England were better mounted and no hunt better turned out, whilst as O.C. field Sir Harold Nutting had a brilliant success by methods which are the ones which Hugo Meynell and every Pelham who has been Master of the Brocklesby have favoured, and are the ones which pay best in the end. It was said of the hereditary Masters of the Brocklesby, and also of Hugo Meynell, that they were exactly like the "well-bred captain of the *Pinafore*."

I am certain that it is the best way, and that cuss-words and hunting-crops, both of which have been in use lately in a country I know, are quite wrong! Major Burnaby has felt the strain of a big country like the Quorn single-handed, and there have been rumours, of course, that he wanted to give up for some time past, but now that he has got another energetic joint to help him let us hope that he will long continue in a position which he has filled so admirably. Good luck!



MISS BUNTY AND MISS
JOAN BALDING

At the polo ground at Cannes on the opening day. Miss Balding and her sister are members of the famous polo-playing family, two members of which (Gerald and Cecil) the Americans think should be in our next International team



WITH THE FERNIE LAST WEEK

Three people who were having a busman's holiday with these hounds and came over from the Beaufort domain. Left to right: Miss V. Forbes, Lieut-Colonel Cunningham, and Mrs. Victor Seeley

Pure Whisky! distilled
from the finest materials.
That is "King George IV."
It contains all the nutriment
value of the ripe
grain in its most
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Mature. Mellow. A Flavour
that can be described only
as "King George IV" flavour.
It is a truly Royal Spirit.
—Unsurpassed for quality.



BUBBLE & SQUEAK



THE HON. MRS. HENRY MOND

Marian Lewis

Lord Melchett's daughter-in-law, to whom so many charitable enterprises have reason to be grateful. She gave personal patronage to the Golden Fleece Ball last night and appeared in the Greek Frieze, one of the picturesque items of the evening. The ball, which was held at 33, Lennox Gardens (by the courtesy of Lady Stavridi), was in aid of the Save the Children Fund

UNCLE JOHN was on a visit, and as he dandled Tommy on his knee the little chap prattled about this and that. "Mother was ever so pleased to see you," he said. "Was she?" uncle replied. "That was very kind of her."

"Yes," went on the little boy, "when she saw you coming up the garden path she said, 'This is the finishing touch.'"

* * *

Mr. Jones had just returned from the office and was introduced to the new nurse, who was astonishingly pretty.

"She is sensible and scientific, too," said Mrs. Jones, "and she says she will allow no one to kiss the baby while she is near."

"No one would want to," replied Mr. Jones.

"Indeed!" snapped the fond mother.

"I mean, not while she is near," faltered the father, endeavouring to make things better.

The nurse did not stay long.

* * *

A company of cadets were lined up on the field for inspection, and as the officer strode down the line he stopped before a young man and said, "You remind me a great deal of General Grant."

"Really, sir?" replied the cadet eagerly.

"Yes, he didn't shave either."

* * *

At a meeting of a certain rural district council a deputation of farmers asked to be received. They wished to complain about the state of a main road just outside the village. They found, however, that their arguments were not received very favourably. At last the Chairman managed to get a word in. "Look here," he said, "the road is fairly good as a whole."

"Yes," replied the spokesman of the party, "but we want to use it as a road."

* * *

The old lady had at last yielded to the repeated urging of her grandson to accompany him on a flight in his aeroplane. Up and up they went until the youthful pilot leaned back and shouted, "Do you realise that we are thousands of feet up?"

"Oh, I don't mind that," the old lady answered bravely; "but don't you think it's cool enough for you to turn off the fan."

Great interest was taken in the appointment of the members of the deputation to go to London to voice certain desires of the village.

"Well, John," said one worthy to another, "I've just heard as they've appointed your son to be one o' the deppytation. What's think o' that?"

John, torn between family pride and a reputation for sincerity, reflected before replying; and then, "Well now, I think our son is a very good man to go on a deppytation—so long as he keeps his mouth shut."

* * *

Levi was showing his friend around his magnificent riverside cottage, which was rather near the bank. "I've insured it against fire and burglary for £3,000," said the proud Levi, as they made a tour of inspection.

"And vot about floods?" asked the friend. "You're very near the river, you know."

Levi looked thoughtful. Then he asked: "How do you make a flood?"

* * *

The caddie had never carried before, but he was a willing lad, knowing not scorn, and found the ball every time, though he was plunging into the gorse from first hole to last. The niblick was the club most used, and the player looked fagged as he completed a round that totalled nearer 200 than 80 strokes.

"Will you be working again next Saturday, sir?" asked the caddie in the friendliest of tones.



EMMA HAIG

Jenet Jevons

A popular American product who will contribute her eccentric dancing and flair for seeing the funny side of things to "Silver Wings," the musical comedy shortly to be produced at the Dominion Theatre. Miss Haig was first introduced to London in "The Girl Friend"

FASHION SAYS 'YES'

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The new fashionable reproduction jewellery makes the transformation possible for all of us. Such as Crysia offers. Mostly designed in Paris by the world's masters of the art. And yet sold in Bond Street at prices that are but tempting fractions of what you would pay for the original pieces.

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1. Eternity Ring in Sterling Silver, set Crysia Diamonds £1.1.0
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 8. Beautiful Bracelet, set with Crysia Diamonds ... £12.12.0
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GREENLYS



STEEPLECHASING and the TOTALISATOR

RACECOURSE executives point out that better and cheaper racing, greater comfort for visitors, reduced entry fees and improved stable accommodation are among the most important improvements dependent upon finance.

The Totalisator has already been operated successfully at meetings held under National Hunt Rules at Folkestone, Hexham, Perth, Fontwell Park, Kelso, Stratford-on-Avon, Wetherby, Towcester, Sedgfield, Haydock Park, Chepstow, Catterick Bridge, Carlisle, Gatwick and Hurst Park.

It is in this direction that the Totalisator benefits all associated with racing. As everybody knows, the surplus from the working of the "Tote" will be applied to the improvement of racing and horse-breeding, while Charities also will benefit.

It follows that steeplechase patrons who bet with the "Tote" will be assisting materially in bringing about the improvements so greatly needed. Those who cannot get to the course can arrange for a friend to place their bets with the "Tote" and so contribute to the benefit of the sport.

Issued by Racecourse Betting Control Board.



THE FASHION CONTRO- VERSY



copyright

What is this controversy that is raging about fashions? Vogue doesn't believe there is a real one. Women everywhere have taken up the new fashions with joy. Those who are shouting the loudest for last year's styles are newspaper writers, women who have not tried the new clothes, and women who complained when the low waist-line came in and who complain just as much now that it is no longer worn

Certain individuals declare that the new mode calls for a wasp-waist confined with bands of steel. Nonsense! The new corsets are merely a few inches longer. Most women have been wearing corsets for years, light girdles that improved not only their figures but also their health

You will see how the fashion controversy has been settled, and the clothes that are the result of that settlement, if you buy the current number of Vogue. This is a Double Pattern Number, published with Vogue Pattern Book. Formerly Vogue and Vogue Pattern Book were sold separately at 1/- and 1/6 respectively. Now you get them both together at 1/6 for the two. What a bargain—the full spring fashion story for eighteenpence!

Long skirts? What do you mean by long skirts? No one is asking women to wear trailing dresses in the street, and fourteen inches off the ground, the smartest length for walking dresses, is far from hampering. And in the evening an ankle-length skirt is most graceful

Long hair? But the women who make these statements cannot have seen a good fashion magazine for months. A bit longer, a bit softer, possibly a tiny low-placed chignon—that is the new coiffure

VOGUE

Double Pattern Number
WITH VOGUE PATTERN BOOK



A GHOSTLY DRAMA OF OLD GIBRALTAR

It was a wet January afternoon in Gibraltar. Outside the rain was descending with that tropical intensity characteristic of the Sunny South, and within the hotel lounge a group of people—four men and a woman—were gathered round the fire. In the hall lay various bundles of golf clubs, mute witnesses to a spoilt afternoon's game. The ruffled feelings of the males, however, were rapidly being assuaged under the combined influence of Mollie Bemerton's charming personality and the tea she was dispensing. The men consisted of Lambert Brabazon, who has an International reputation as a financier and is a nice fellow into the bargain; Jack Bemerton, a lieutenant-commander in His Majesty's Navy, who was deeply in love with his attractive wife; Dick Ashbridge, a Gunner captain of the garrison, a somewhat pompous individual; and myself, a humble globe-trotter. The talk had ranged from politics to poetry, the latest play on in town, the doings of the fleet—which loom large on the Rock from January to March—and the latest local scandal. Suddenly Mollie Bemerton leaned forward.

"Do you believe in ghosts, Mr. Brabazon?" she queried.

We others exchanged amused glances. The idea of hard-headed, practical Brabazon—"Babs" as he was known to his intimates—believing in ghosts seemed too absurd for anything. It was thus with considerable surprise that we heard him answer firmly, in his deep, booming voice—"My dear Mrs. Bemerton, in spite of the sceptical expressions on our friends' faces, I do." Had he said that he believed in Mormonism we could not have been more astonished, but he bore our chaff with undisturbed good humour.

"I suppose," he remarked, "I had better give some justification to these unbelievers."

"Please do!" "Go on!" and other remarks encouraged him, so handing his cup to Mollie to be refilled, and lighting his pipe by her permission, he began:

"During the War I served, as you probably know, in the R.N.V.R., the Wavy Navy they called us."

"Stout fellows," interrupted Jack Bemerton.

"The year 1917 found me attached to a sloop stationed here. Gib., I may tell you, was one of the gayest spots in the Empire during the War, and the doings on the Rock would have provided food for reflection for the much-rationed and war-burdened home-folk had they known. Save for the periods when we convoyed transports and merchantmen down the Mediterranean it was difficult to remember that there was a war on. At that time I was very friendly with an R.A.M.C. colonel whose name I shall give you as Gunnings. Although a bachelor, he lived in a large old rambling quarter with a square, rather gloomy garden enclosed by high stone walls."

Ashbridge began to look deeply interested.

"Gunnings was rather keen on spiritualism, a subject which I have always avoided, as I did not believe in dealing with things I did not understand, which I afterwards found to be an excellent business maxim. I tell you this," he said, looking round with a smile, "just to show you the spirit in which I approached the affair I am about to relate."

"One evening in July Gunnings gave a party. My ship was then refitting, and my commanding officer gave me permission to sleep overnight at Gunnings' house. Anyone who has tried to sleep in a small ship at the bottom of a huge dock will appreciate the joy with which I went ashore. There were a dozen of us at Gunnings' house that evening, men and women, and among the latter was a thin, colourless little woman with big, dreamy eyes, who added little to the gaiety of the occasion. Gunnings whispered to me proudly, pointing her out, 'That's Mrs. Meeltram, a celebrated medium. We're going to have a séance afterwards.'

"After dinner we all gathered in the garden, for it was pretty stifling indoors. We sat in a circle touching hands in the usual way. I don't mind confessing that I was thoroughly bored with the whole proceedings. There was just enough light

for keen eyes to detect the faces of those around. Now I do not propose to bore you with the various messages that the medium purported to extract from the ether. Suffice to say that as she lay back in a chair with her eyes closed she interpreted what seemed to me to be utter nonsense, but which appeared to impress the neophytes considerably.

"All of a sudden she gave a little moan and relapsed into complete silence. At that moment the grim old garden seemed to become luminous in spite of the absence of the moon, and the figure of the most beautiful girl I have ever seen appeared walking down one of the paths. She was dressed in Eastern clothes, baggy silk trousers, and a short bodice, and was much bejewelled, but there was tragedy written in every line of her face. As she walked up and down she wrung her hands and clasped her breast. Then suddenly appeared two swarthy Moors, naked to the waist. The girl sank to the ground in terror while one of the Moors seized and bound her, and together they thrust her into a sack. The spell was broken by one of the women in the circle fainting, and the whole scene melted into the blackness of the night."

"Good Lord!" cried Dick Ashbridge, startled out of his usual blasé attitude for once.

Brabazon held up his hand. "The most curious part of my story is yet to come," he said.

"Knowing the house well, I volunteered to get a glass of water to revive the lady, the servants having gone to bed, and made my way to the kitchen, which lay in the older part of the house. But as I pushed open the door I thought I must have opened the wrong door, nor was the room empty. The walls appeared to rise to a high arched ceiling in the Moorish style, while at the furthest end of the room were a group of figures that held me spell-bound with an icy feeling creeping up my spine. Chained to two iron rings in the wall was a handsome young Moor—at least he must have been handsome, only his face was ravaged by torture and suffering. Three Moors stood round him, one a gross, evil-looking beast armed with a wicked curved sword; I fancy the devils had cut the poor fellow's tongue out by the look of him. While I watched, one of them bent down and took up an iron instrument that was being heated in a brazier nearby. Just then the Moor with the sword turned, and apparently seeing me, rushed at me with his weapon upraised and I knew no more."

"When I came round I was lying in bed with Gunnings bending over me. 'My dear boy,' he said, 'what on earth made you crack your head up against the kitchen mantelpiece like that? It's taken over half an hour to bring you round.'

"Kitchen mantelpiece be damned!" I retorted, and related my story. The Colonel looked a bit uneasy but said nothing. And it was over a week before I was fit to return to my ship again."

Dead silence greeted the end of Brabazon's story, a silence that lasted several minutes. "What a queer story," said Mollie eventually; "can you explain it at all?"

"Well," said Brabazon, rather reluctantly I thought, as though he feared ridicule, "this house is built on a Moorish foundation, in fact there are Moorish remains nearby, and I fancy that, due to some inexplicable psychic influence brought about by the medium, a dark drama that had actually happened was re-enacted. The murderous old Moor was probably the husband of the pretty girl in the garden. She had evidently been surprised carrying on an amour with the young Moor, and we all know that the penalty for unfaithfulness in Islam was death, the most usual method being to throw the victim into the sea in a sack. In the house the second part of the drama was being played—the avenging husband torturing and putting to death the lover."

"H'm," I said, "so that is where you got that scar on your temple."

"Yes," he admitted, fingering the dark purplish line that ran from his left eyebrow to his hair. "But whether mantelpiece or ghost, it is a forcible reason for replying in the affirmative when asked if I believe in ghosts."

V. H. J.



HE AND SKI!

Pleasant Function.

WITHOUT doubt a most enjoyable time was had by all at the Savoy Hotel the other morning on the occasion of the luncheon given by the London distributors of the Riley car to those responsible for its production, in celebration of their having exceeded the One Million Pound mark in turn-over. One was always glad to see that natty little Riley Nine attain a huge success, for there was very definitely real genius in its design and a distinct amount of brilliant originality. It is true that in its earlier days—I refer to the saloon model—this car was such that I could not by any means get the bulk of my body behind the steering-wheel, but that obvious fault has long since been corrected. The present Monaco type has plenty of room for its full complement. I did a longish journey in the back of one a few weeks ago and have absolutely no complaints to make about its comfort. And how well that plucky little car holds the road, and how very, very pleasant that silent third four-speed gear-box is to sit behind. There has always been a conspicuous difference about Riley vehicles. For many years the firm sponsored the 2-cylinder engine with the cylinders set in a 90 deg. Vee. Many and many a thousand miles has that amazingly well-balanced sort of motor taken me in my time. It was better than a great many of its contemporary Fours, and was both a strong puller and a lively “revver.” Then I got lashings of fun and many, many jolly miles out of the first kind of Riley Nine. It had its twin-engine in the middle of affairs, and to get at it (which was not infrequent in those days) you had to get out of the car and raise the body on a hinge. If you were careless that body would descend and decapitate you. Nevertheless I have always felt, and still feel, that this is one of the few cars that had its power plant where a power plant was intended by Nature to be, namely, where it takes up no useful room, and I should never be at all surprised to see some fine day the reintroduction of that arrangement of

Petrol Vapour

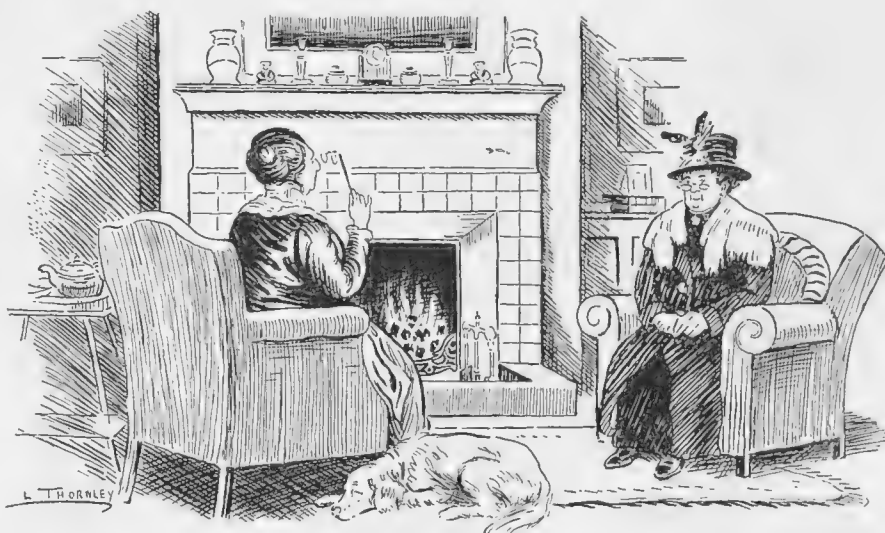
By W. G. ASTON.

components that worked so well in the little Riley. I remember one *panne* I had on this car in the wilds of Wales. There was a battery-and-coil system of ignition which, I regret to record, was not quite perfect in many respects. There had been a stoppage, and for some reason or other (suspicion of a broken bridge or something of that kind I suppose) I had removed the accumulator from its box. Along came another car at speed, and projected one or two sharp little bits of flint into that empty battery box. No sooner had I got going again than these diabolical flints punctured the miserably thin celluloid of the cells, with the result that I left behind me (though all unbeknownst) a trickle of dilute sulphuric acid what time the vital plates got higher and drier.

* * *

Ancient History.

My first contact with the Riley people was twenty-seven years ago, when I went motor-cycle racing on one of their machines. I had appointed to pick it up at the works in Coventry on a Saturday afternoon. There I found it in a semi-open yard with no less a person than Mr. Victor Riley himself putting the final touches to it. I am not quite sure whose fault it was, though I expect it was mine, but anyhow, between us we contrived to get the motor-cycle very heartily on fire. That was distressing enough in its way, but what was even worse was that the whole of this factory was equipped with an automatic sprinkler system. This worked with the most incredible efficiency. As we wrought at the flames, Victor and I found ourselves in the midst of a drenching downpour of water. Getting soaked to the skin and burning your fingers at the same time is a most disagreeable combination. Meanwhile automatic bells were ringing, and by and by the fire brigade arrived. But it was all to little purpose. Water was never any good for putting out flaming petrol, and that beautiful bike was burnt beyond repair. But another was providentially forthcoming, and with this I duly went over to the Irish races—it was Gordon Bennett year. Two things I never will forget. One was in the Castletwellan Hill Climb, when the nut came off my sparking-plug and I had to hold the high-tension terminal in place. Medals have been given for less than that. The other was riding home to the Midlands from Liverpool. There was some slight lack of alignment somewhere in that machine, and it would not go more than a mile or two before the belt either broke or came off. Accordingly I did quite a large fraction of the return journey from the Midlands to Liverpool on foot, for every time the blessed belt came off I had to go back and retrieve it.



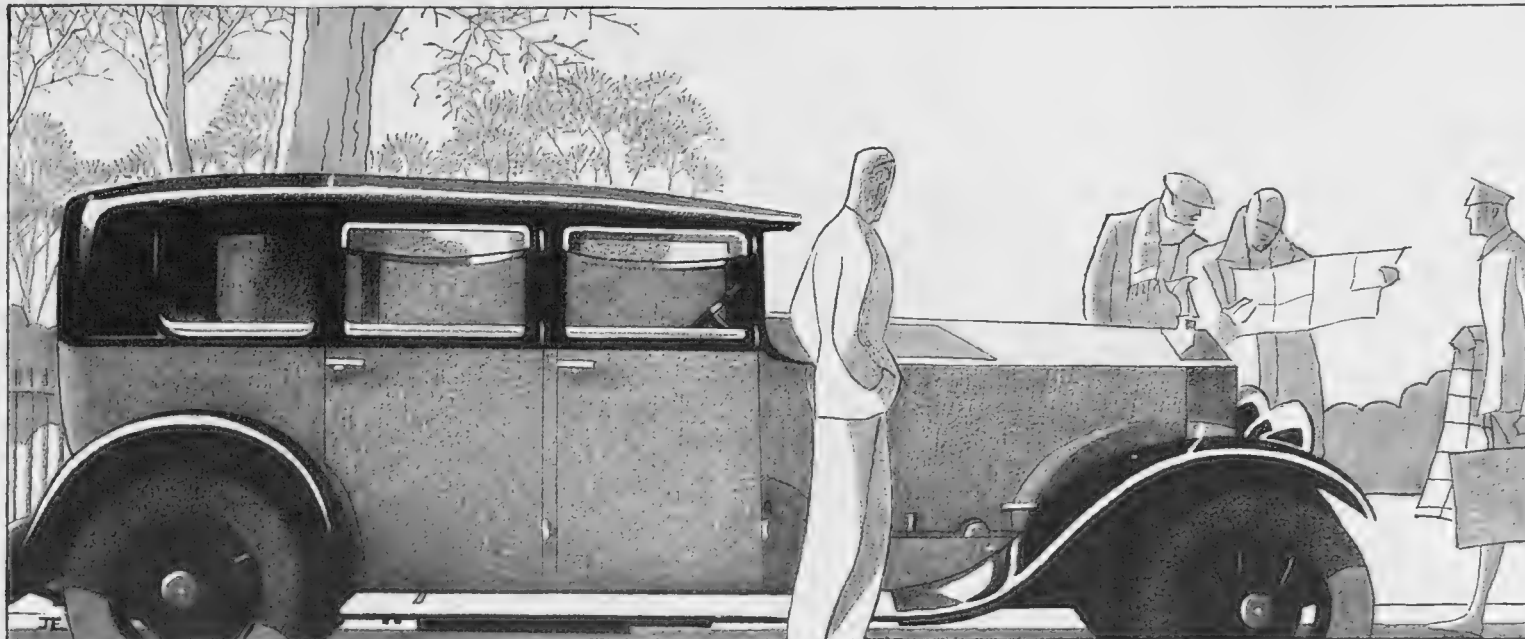
Mistress (interviewing applicant for the position as cook): And can you cook French dishes?

Cook: Oh, yes, mum, I understand all those foreign dishes

Mistress: Indeed! Tell me what you can do?

Cook: Well, mum, I can cook French beans, Brussel sprouts, Dutch cheese, German sausages, Jerusalem artichokes, and Spanish onions

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



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Eve at Golf

By ELEANOR E. HELME



Miss Fergus is a member of Royal Mid-Surrey, and played for her club in the match against the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association

and that is a commodity most of us need remarkably badly as we embark on a new golfing season.)

However, as aforesaid, time flies, and will go on flying, so that the real objective of this page is to remind golfers that the conditions and entrance forms for the "Eve" Northern Foursomes, and also for the "Eve" One Day Spring Medal Foursomes, will be out within the next day or two in the February number of "Britannia and Eve." They will also appear there again in the March number, but time, as we (and the rest of the world) have said before, flies and will go on flying, and there is no time like the present. Because, besides the closing dates for entries, Thursday, March 13, for the Northern Foursomes; Thursday,

A SPRING FIXTURE

Beaconsfield Ladies' Open Meeting
at Beaconsfield on March 31

March 20, for the Spring Medal; there is the ever likely and lively fear that both lists will be full long before these dates arrive, and then all the entrance forms in the world will not get the foolish virgins in. For it is not lowness of handicap, but priority of entry, which enters you for both these foursomes—the Northern with a playing limit of 30 joint (though couples over that total may enter and play on the limit); the Spring Medal an actual limit of 30 joint, no entries being accepted from couples over that amount.

And entries are sure to rush in for both these events, because Alwoodley in the north, and Sunningdale in the south, are without doubt two of the most popular courses which it is possible to find. Moreover, ladies' events are by no means common occurrences on either; indeed if you were to believe all that you heard, both might be reckoned ogres of

IT is such a pity that everybody has said, for the last score of centuries or so, that time flies. Because fly it really does, and it would be so useful to say it at this moment and believe oneself to have said something new.

What with the daylight lengthening, so that it is possible to have an afternoon round and get home without lighting up; what with the arrival of new handicap certificates as presents for good little girls who have returned a rightful number of respectable scores; what with the departure of the staff and caddies' Christmas fund lists from club walls; what, in fact, with one thing and another we do begin to realise that the new year is really well under way. (And if any nautical soul wishes to spell it "weigh" and to argue about anchors, by all means let them do so; the anchor is the emblem of hope,

inhospitality, women haters of the most rabid type. Do not for one instant believe it, but come and see for yourself, having of course duly entered on the approved form, and entered quickly, before one hundred and twenty-eight other couples have sent in their names for Alwoodley or one hundred for Sunningdale. Alwoodley ought to be very perfect on April 1st, when the Northern Foursomes start, for the course is on real, genuine sand, so that whatever the weather may be between now and then there is nothing to fear in the matter of lies. As for the greens, it is not perhaps for a mere Southerner to say that they are the best in Yorkshire; somebody with more minute knowledge might rise up and refute the statement, but if there are any better even in the county of Broad Acres, I have yet to make their acquaintance and an early introduction thereto

would be as delightful as unexpected. Leeds, of course, is Alwoodley's nearest city, and those who went to Moortown last year for the Ryder Cup will find Alwoodley a near neighbour on the other side of the road. But many will find Harrogate the place of their choice to stay, for the nine miles thence of country driving, or by an excellent bus service, is no weighty matter, and "Eve" headquarters and the majority of competitors will all be found there.

Alwoodley needs no praise; it has a reputation far above that. Perhaps it would be kind to remind people that entries are *not* restricted to Northerners, but may be made by anybody with an L.G.U. handicap, or an accredited one from a foreign country.

Just the same applies to Sunningdale, both as to course and to the "come as you please" conditions. This is no more a Southern competition than the Northern is a Northern one. Two courses are a *sine qua non* for these Spring Foursomes, which take place over thirty-six holes, but two rounds of the Old Course at Sunningdale would not only be impossible for daylight with a hundred couples, but exhausting in a week when there is much else. (For the Sunningdale date is Tuesday, April 8, the day before the International meeting at Ranelagh.) So everybody will have one round only on the men's course and one on the Sunningdale ladies' course, which is the last word in fascination, but short enough for a gross score in the sixties to be well within the bounds of possibility. Conditions of practice and all other details are, as aforesaid, to be found in "Britannia and Eve." Whilst folks are being reminded of dates, it might be as well to mention that tickets for the L.G.U. dinner at the Piccadilly on February 12 must be applied for by Thursday 6th to the L.G.U. office.



Losing no time: Though Mrs. O. Jones does not hurry her shots, she believes in walking briskly between them; a thoroughly sound idea



Miss Leetham (left), a member of Ganton, and Lady Alness, whose home club is Harrogate, have no fault to find with each other as partners, and won the Autumn Foursomes in 1928. In the recent English Championship at Broadstone Lady Alness reached the sixth round

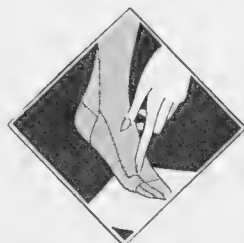
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September! That's Aristoc
— they wear for months!*



I know they look extravagant. That's the beauty of *Aristoc*. They don't shout aloud how economical they are! But listen—four pairs last summer and four last autumn — there's my year's stocking bill, except two pairs of dancing stockings. Shillings saved, and all through *Aristoc*. The wear of them—my dear, it's marvellous!

I always get Aristoc—because of

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- * The tapered-in, stepped-in toe, with an unusual reinforcement over the toe-joint.
- * All the correct colours and lovely pure dyes that wash and wash and never fade. *Aristoc* are Nottingham made.



*The Aristoc stepped-in toe
with special
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As the colours of Cash's ribbons are absolutely fast, there is no need to remove them from the garments before washing. They can be laundered with the underwear. They are entirely British made. (See p. ii)

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

The Deceptive Beret has Travelled Far.

IT is equally true in the world of fashion as in other more generally studied spheres that history repeats itself—there is a difference, and it is in realising this that lies the art of dressing well. Margaret

Barry, 64, New Bond Street, W., has returned from Paris, and is more enthusiastic than ever about the beret; but there is a difference, and she whimsically adds "it has travelled far from its ancestor, the true Breton beret." The 1930 beret is the most deceptive affair imaginable; it looks a mere nothing; it is, however, composed of innumerable pieces that are united with invisible stitches; this is in order that it shall fit the head perfectly. Many of these berets are made of tweed to match the dresses, while others are of the softest of soft silk ribbon in gay colourings; when held in the hand they suggest a handkerchief, and no one would realise the work that has gone to their fashioning.

The Sympathetic Cloche.

Margaret Barry declares that there is a *joie de vivre* about a beret that not only needs but creates a pleasant outlook on life. It would be impossible for an intelligent woman to assume a beret unless her face had been treated with the utmost consideration and she was perfectly turned out. Therefore the Parisian, no matter how cheerful her character, ever invests in two hats, one a cloche with its sympathetic brim, which she wears when she does not feel her best, and the other a beret. There is no doubt about it that when the becoming high fur collars are abandoned a shadow must creep over the beret unless another version of it appears. Miss Barry has great faith in a hat of a totally different genre for

later on in the season; its fount of inspiration was evidently the Dutch bonnet, although there are sure to be some who do not acknowledge the resemblance. It is reinforced with the most adorable veil imaginable. It alights on the top of the crown and stands well away from the face.

The Monkey Jacket.

At fashionable rendezvous on the Riviera it is essential that the evening wrap be abandoned, and it is on account of this that the monkey jacket, made of the same material as the dress, has appeared. Imagine a coarse black net dress moulded over the hips with fullness below; it is cut in such a manner that it has an elongating effect on the figure, and then comes the monkey jacket. When seated the arms must remain in the sleeve, but it must be slightly thrown back so that the shoulders and upper part of the back are revealed. Miss

Barry tells me that a tea-frock has arrived; it is made of plain and printed chiffon and other materials. It is really a development of the afternoon dress and must never appear at lunch.

Exit Knees.

The "exit of the knees" is the way in which Miss Barry describes the longer skirts. The longer skirts with tweed dresses are almost unnoticeable; the afternoon dresses are graceful, and the evening ones have an enchanting sweep. And now there is something that is of paramount importance, and that is a little dress with a cape that turns the shoulder; it will never be arranged in the same manner on both shoulders; there will be as much art in adjusting it as there is in the beret. Another point to be noted is that rather heavy metal chains interspersed with wooden and other beads to match the dress are essential, and too much attention cannot be given to the selection of the bag. It must match the dress.

The Ermine Cravats and Blue Shoes.

Although so much is said about white for the Riviera, Miss Barry does not look on it with favour, and as every year sees her at Cannes and Monte Carlo she is an authority on the subject. Here is a description of an outfit that she warmly advocates.

(Continued on p. ii)



A reduction of 20 per cent. is made in the prices of everything at the City Fur Stores' sale. Included in it is this electric seal coney coat enriched with golden South American skunk. (See p. ii)



Women of generous proportions who are dressed at the Maison Davies, 13, Lower Grosvenor Place, S.W., are ever graceful, as there the art of harmony is well understood. This coat-frock is of tweed with silk pipings and waistcoat. (See p. ii)

Be Moderate and you'll be Charming

THE comely, shapely curves of the modern figure are ever-appealing. Ugly fat, caused by over-indulgence — eating between meals, soon ruins the charm of these soft outlines.

The modern figure may be easily maintained. There's no need to endure harsh dieting and drastic reducing-methods, condemned by the medical profession. Just follow the path of MODERATION which bans excess, even in smoking. Eat healthfully, but not immoderately. When tempted to over-indulge — to eat between meals, say, **"No thanks, I'll smoke a Kensitas instead."**

Kensitas is the finest cigarette you ever smoked, made of the choicest Virginia tobaccos — The Cream of the Crop. THE KENSITAS PRIVATE PROCESS adds to the flavour and improves the taste.

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USEFUL SPRING COAT
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" " 3 " 20 "	79/6
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CAP to match, 29/6

This coat can be made to order in larger sizes.

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued



A FASHIONABLE WEEK-END ENSEMBLE

The easily-adjustable skirt and seven-eighths coat are of Rodier's crêpe Aelic of a lovely sand shade, while the dress is of georgette to match. It is very simple, nevertheless it represents the acme of smartness. At the House of Jay, Regent Street, W.

A blue mousse skirt which is rather higher than the normal waist-line. An oyster-tinted satin blouse which tucks in and is stitched, with blue mousse beret and three-quarter coat, the scheme being completed with an ermine cravat, beige stockings, and blue shoes; last season brown and white shoes were regarded as modish, but whether they will be during the ensuing months is a debatable point. Reverting to the ermine cravats, they will occupy a very prominent position; they are decorative and becoming, and what is still more important, there are so many versions of them.

* * *
For the Woman of Generous Proportions.

The requirements of women of generous proportions have received the greatest consideration at the Maison Davies, 13, Lower Grosvenor Place, S.W.; the dresses and wraps are cut with care, so that no matter the size of the figure harmony prevails, and this, as all intelligent women realise, acts as a diminishing glass. A feature is made of creating veritable triumphs of the *couturière's* art in such a manner that they will fit what is frequently called out-sizes, or there may be some trifling alteration that may be accomplished in the course of a few hours. Therefore a dress that is purchased in the morning may be worn at a dinner or dance that night. This is an immense advantage for visitors to London who are called upon to attend an important function at a few hours' notice. Then it is possible to have measurements registered and dresses sent from time to time. The powers that be are endowed with an almost clairvoyant sense of knowing just what is most becoming. The very latest commands of Fashion are ever present in their creations. This firm is responsible for the tweed coat-frock with waist-coat and pipings of brown silk illustrated on p. 230; note its slenderising effect.

* * *
20 per Cent. Discount.

The sale at the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., is in progress. Many stoles and wraps are offered at half price, while on others there is a discount of 20 per cent. To them must be given the credit of the electric seal coney coat trimmed with golden South American skunk illustrated on p. 230, lined with soft silk; it is 28 guineas. Mink marmot coats, also enriched with golden South American skunk, are 29 guineas, while Scotch moleskin coats are 21 guineas. Furthermore there are a limited number of sable fitch stoles for 4½ guineas, those of moleskin being 5 guineas. During the sale a large selection of furs will be sent into the country on three days' approval; naturally the usual trade references must be given. Remodelling is undertaken at exceptionally moderate prices.

* * *
Lingerie Ribbons.

There is really nothing more tedious than threading ribbons through lingerie on the return from the laundress. There is no need for this to be done provided Cash's washing ribbons are used; they are available in all widths and a variety of designs. Everyone must ask their draper to show them the newest ideas; more often than not they are to be found in the haberdashery department, and not in the ribbon. Should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, application must be made to J. and J. Cash, Coventry, who will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent. Attention must be drawn to this firm's names woven on fine white cambric tape in many colours. They are 5s. for twelve dozen and 2s. 9d. for three dozen.

* * *
The All-important Ensemble.

The ensemble in many phases will occupy as prominent a position in the world of dress this season as it did last; it has been subject to many changes and now consists of a coat, a dress, and skirt. A particularly attractive version of it is seen on this page; it comes from the House of Jay, Regent Street, W. The seven-eighths coat and skirt are expressed in Rodier's crêpe Aelic in the new sand colour; the upper part of the dress, which is of georgette of the same shade, forms the tuck-in blouse. The skirt can be discarded in the fraction of a second, and then a charming frock is revealed. The individual notes which are present cannot be appreciated until the model has been carefully studied. The coat and skirt is 12½ guineas, and so is the dress. This is a pre-eminently satisfactory week-end outfit.



AT HOME IN EVERY ROOM

BE your room what it may, it can be made more appealing and alluring with 'Nell Gwynn' Decorative Candles.

Their charm lies in the beauty of their 36 colours, the stately dignity of their shape, and the clarity with which they burn.

In drawing room, hall or study, their rich colours will impart a finishing touch to the decorative scheme. Burning on the dining table, they are a beautiful decoration and shed a soft radiance which extends sympathy to skin, eyes and hair and brings a new loveliness to every complexion.

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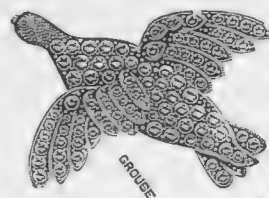


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GROUSE.

Sporting Bird Brooches:
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mounted Enamel
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Brilliant, Silver
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heads, 15/-



Photo. by
Bertram Park.

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but you must get to the South.

Intense sunshine—Cloudless skies.
Oceans of golden sand. Flower-
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cities of central Sahara, Imperial
cities of Morocco, Palaces and
Fountains, Mosques and Minarets
—an unfolding panorama of be-
wildering sights—more Eastern
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tour of your own devising, to use your
own car, to take seats in the fixed
itinerary coaches, to make a combined
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Air Eddies : By OLIVER STEWART

Gliding.

GLIDING will find no difficulty in becoming popular now that Mr. Snowden is turning his much-admired chin towards the British taxpayer and away from the foreigner. For gliding is the only means of getting something for nothing. It provides free motion. The glider pilot comes within the scope of that legal phrase about being without visible means of support. He "bestrides the lazy pacing clouds and sails upon the bosom of the air" without paying for the privilege. He is an improvement upon Peter Pan, who for his gliding operations requires a stout steel cable worked by quietly cursing fairies in the flies. Gliding this year is going to be more chic than skiing and more modish than motoring. High gliding will replace high flying, and the *haut monde* will arrive there without the aid of either affluence or influence, pence or petrol.

The sport of gliding in this country is in good hands. Mr. Howard-Flanders is Secretary of the British Gliding Association, and the clubs have some energetic men in charge. Widespread and rapid developments may therefore be expected. Gliding is the real sport of flying. After a pilot has done a thousand hours or so of power-flying he begins to lose enjoyment in the act of flying. He must then, if he is to maintain his interest in flying, take to using his machine purely as a transport vehicle; he must go on to advanced aerobatics or racing, or he must glide. Advanced aerobatics and racing are expensive and sometimes dangerous. Gliding is the only reasonable flying sport left. It palls less easily because it makes those continuous and varied demands upon skill which maintain interest.

Gliding can do nothing but good to power-flying. It will help to put aeroplanes in their proper place as transport vehicles and not as elaborate merry-go-rounds minus the steam organ. It may

improve the flying skill attainable in a given number of hours by teaching a deeper insight into applied aero-dynamics and preventing pilots from relying so much upon brute engine power. Those of us who learned to fly in aircraft with no margin of power believe that the training was useful in developing touch. It produced good "hands" and discouraged flying by feet in favour of flying by feel. Flying by feet, or the *hobnail* handling of aircraft, is characteristic of the school of training in which the pupils only fly machines with a large reserve of power.

Lighter Light Aeroplanes.

Gliding may also help forward the low-powered machines and check the present tendency to pile on more and more power. Machines like the Klemm two-seater, which is under £600, and the Comper Swift single-seater, which sells at £400 and is fast, should be assisted towards a wider popularity by gliding. But I doubt if single-seater aeroplanes will ever become very popular. Even the motor-bicycle admits of the second passenger, "the peach on the pillion, the girl in a million," and the aeroplane cannot go far unless it offers equal opportunities.

Do not let us forget that Mr. Comper was a pioneer of side-by-side seating in light aeroplanes which has been so brilliantly developed in the Bluebirds. The first batch of these was flown up from Cowes to Hanworth recently. They were built by Saunders-Roe, which is the same thing as saying that the workmanship is as perfect as it could be. Any N.F.S. club member who has learned to fly and gained fifty hours' air experience will be able to hire a Bluebird at 30s. an hour, or about 4½d. a mile, and he is able to carry his baggage beside him where she can talk to him.

The Cinque Ports Flying Club is holding a monthly competition for the cup presented by Mr. Ashwell-Cooke. The competition is open and is judged on handicap. It is to be held when possible on the first Sunday in the month.



MR. JOHN GARRICK AND MISS HELEN CHANDLER
IN "THE SKY HAWK"

The new Fox air "talkie," which is on for a run at the Tivoli. It is the first picture of its kind showing a Zeppelin raid over London, and is full of thrills, as may be imagined

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes.

All members will by this time have received their voting papers for the election of the Executive Committee. Should any members not have received their papers, either through change of address or any other reason, they should communicate with Mrs. Trelawny. The voting papers are sent out on January 27, and the voting closes on Monday, February 3. It is to be hoped all members will vote, and thus show their interest in the affairs of their Association. As I said last week, the general meeting is on February 13 at the Agricultural Hall.

It is one of the many unexplained things of life why more people do not keep deerhounds. They seem to have everything to recommend them. They are quite lovely, "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever," very hardy and easy to keep, and have the most delightful characters in keeping with their appearance. At one time they were rather difficult to get, but now I am



CH. ÆSTHETIC AND CH. PADRAIC
The property of the Misses Loughrey

glad to say more people are keeping them. Those who ride, and there are still such people, could have no better companion, as a deerhound follows a horse easily, but on the other hand they do not require an immense amount of exercise. The Misses Loughrey's name is a house hold word in deerhounds; they are among those who have saved the breed. The photograph is of the brace who this year won the Bowater Challenge Cup for the best brace, all breeds, at Birmingham Show. The dogs are Champions Padraic of Ross and Æsthetic of Ross. Four years ago the Misses Loughrey won this cup with Champions Tragic of Ross and Shiela o' the Pentlands, so it becomes their property, having to be won twice by the same owner with different dogs. Both this year's



BERGERS DE BEAUCE
The property of Mrs. Stanyforth

winners are sired by Champion Tragic. Miss Loughrey writes: "What a wonder he is! Out of the fourteen certificates offered for deerhounds in 1929 his children won eight, two were won by his sister, Champion Mimic, and another by his half-sister, Dramatic." Miss Loughrey hopes soon to bring out another good daughter of Tragic's. Anyone wanting to start deerhounds can book puppies from litters expected in the spring.

I am glad to hear from Mrs. Stanyforth again, with news of her family of Bergers de Beauce. She sends a family group—father, mother, son, and daughter, the latter two eleven months old and very attractive and sporting. The whole party are "Tail-Waggers," which is right. They are a most attractive and uncommon breed.

The Alsatian in his day has been the subject of much criticism, but like all things that are undeservedly censured, he has come triumphantly through the ordeal, and peace now reigns. There is no doubt he is a most human, intelligent dog, who can, in the right hands, be taught almost anything, and to those who keep them there is no breed their equal, either as guard, companion, or chief of all, friend. Mrs. O'Brien sends

a fine photograph of her well-known dog, Earl of If. She has some puppies by Earl for sale, nearly twelve weeks old, very prettily-marked black-and-tans. These puppies are strong and healthy and have excellent temperaments. Mrs. O'Brien will let them go very reasonably to good homes. One of Earl's previous sons was one of the best puppy-dogs shown this year, and won fifty prizes as a puppy, including eighteen firsts. This is not odd, as Earl is by the famous Champion Teut von Haff.



EARL OF IF
The property of Mrs. O'Brien

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| | { Rest Nest | - | - | FT | Metropolitan Dance Orchestra |
| 128 | { Singin' in the Rain | - | - | FT | Cosmopolitan Dance Orchestra |
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From the Shires and Provinces—cont.

upon them. The narrow lanes of Foxton Village were overflowing with horse and motor on the Monday. Strangers arriving from other hunts had difficulty in locating their steeds. The gentleman in pink who let the bridle-gate slam in the face of another with a led horse deserves reprimand. A Gumley fox set the field a-going after a long wait, but pace was slow and the hunt fizzled out at the Laughton Hills. The "hatless horseman" recovered his gear, also the lady from the Whaddon country who left her crop in a muddy gateway was surprised to receive it again, thanks to the Bowden lady's clever manipulation from the saddle with crop and thong. Who was the coloured gent, or was he a white man, who rose from the miry ditch? A splendid hunt from John Ball finished with a kill at Arnesby Windmill. Ninety minutes of the best. Sir Keith and Lady Fraser received us at Carlton Curliu Hall on the Thursday. There were many Meltonians with us conditioning for the ball of the evening. Shangton Holt was prolific. Foxes were headed everywhere, but the "tambourine was kept a rollin'." One damsel was dropped in the brook and there were some minor casualties.

From the York and Ainsty

Both the North and South packs were stopped by frost and fog on Thursday, January 16, but luckily it had all gone by next day. The South were at Hawkhill on Saturday—very few people out compared with the "opening day" assemblies one used to see at this meet—but several foxes were on foot, one from the Folly taking us up North, a six-mile point to Brandsby Dale; by the time this was over, with the hills and the deep going, most horses had had *jam satis*, or quite enough; anyhow it was a capital day, only marred by the fact that several eminent gents and ladies got "left" in the fastnesses of Hawkhill. The Northerners were at Hollin Hall, near Ripon, but were less fortunate; however, on Monday they had quite a nice day from Aldwark Bridge, with a morning gallop from Kirby Long Wood and two more hunts in the afternoon in the Nun Monkton area. Fog enveloped the countryside when David met at Moor Monkton on Tuesday (21st); not so many people as usual because the soldiers (barring His Excellency and the two Yeomanry adjutants) were being lectured on the Scandinavian campaign, or birth control or something. Anyhow, after waiting a long time for the fog to lift, the Master reluctantly gave the order for home, promised a bye-day for Frye-day, and bade us depart in peace; which we did, and the fog then dispersed!!



WITH THE MEATH: LADY MILLICENT TAYLOUR AND CAPT. R.H. FOWLER, M.F.H.

A snapshot at a recent tryst at Dunsany Castle, Lord Dunsany's seat. Lady Millicent Taylour is Lord and Lady Headfort's only daughter, and Captain Fowler is one of the Joint Masters of the Meath

but many fresh foxes in Conways Gorse complicated matters, hounds dividing and running into Honeycombe. The field, standing "up wind" unfortunately, got left in a later hunt from Whitfield. Scent was poor on the Chilthorne Domes day, and little could be done, foxes from Limington and Ashington all seeming to prefer the outskirts of Yeovil to the Vale.

From Lincolnshire

A clashing of forces is somewhat of a rarity in the hunting field, but this nearly happened last week when the Blankney, hunting from Gautby, invaded the Burton country, and while this pack were running a fox in one covert the Blankney music could be heard in another hard by. Though not seen to each other, there was an exchange of greetings on the huntsman's horn. Brocklesby sport recently has come—as it often does—late in the afternoon, and good runs have been missed. This occurred on their Clixby day (January 17). A fox from one of Lord Yarborough's coverts ran the usual line, but was lost after eighty minutes without any check of importance until the end came at Kirmington, just as people were sitting down to tea. The Southwold (East), remarkable for their good qualities in the field, have again been in the limelight, for after meeting at Claxby-by-Well (January 18) they were at the brush of their fox when he popped over the railway in front of a train. Valuable time was lost, and hounds then carried the line more sedately into the suburbs of the little market town of Alford, where "Charles" was lost by the cemetery. A kill there would certainly have been a more fitting termination to this enjoyable spin of sixty minutes. Local residents naturally were greatly excited.

From the Blackmore Vale

The Blackmore Vale scored a good hunt after meeting at Sutton Montis House; hounds finding in Chilton Cantelo, ran along the edge of the Vale to Pitman's Orchard, North Cadbury, where scent failed after a six-mile point. Meeting at the Green Man the following Thursday, hounds ran from Hill Street to Stalbridge Park, and after some delay, on and over the river to Bagber, to ground. The day hounds met at Stour Hill, the vale was once again a sheet of water. Whilst proceeding across the low ground to draw, at least three members of the field mistook the flooded river for ordinary field floods and plunged headlong in its depths, horse and all out of sight; they then went home with honour, and escaped the rest of a bitterly cold day in sleet and rain. After the lawn meet at Leweston Manor, a fox was quickly away from Leweston Wood,

NOTES AND NEWS



THE BLACK CAT BALL

Sir Louis and Lady Baron and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Baron at the great annual ball of Carreras, Ltd., at Covent Garden. There was a charming touch of simplicity and camaraderie when Sir Louis and Lady Baron invited two of their workers, as representing the staff, to join them at their table at supper. The honour of taking supper with Sir Louis and Lady Baron fell to H. Harrington, a cigarette machine operator, and to Miss D. Shoring, a young and pretty girl packer at Carreras' factory

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W., ask for your sympathy and help on behalf of a poor lady who is in pitiful circumstances. When a girl she married and went out to India, where her husband was a bank manager. Alas! He was an inveterate gambler, their income was reduced, and on his death she was left without a penny. She obtained a post at a large girls' school, and in this way supported and educated her only child (a daughter), but during the last months her health broke down, and she had to give up her work. Now she is existing at a little farm on 10s. weekly sent by her daughter, who is a teacher in India and who cannot spare more. After paying rent, this poor mother has very little left for fires, food, etc. She is often in a state of semi-starvation. In 18 months' time the daughter will draw her bonus, return to England, and make a home for her mother. But just now they do need a helping hand. We wish for £18 to relieve her most urgent necessities during the months until her daughter's return.

Something new in the way of a free "Vest Pocket Guide to 62 Suburban Golf Courses," easily reached from town, has just been issued by the Southern Railway. It gives details of the convenient electric train services and cheap day return tickets between their London termini and the various stations serving these courses. Useful information as to the green fees and play at the different courses is given, and a map showing Southern electric connections from the City and West End, etc., to all places mentioned. Copies can be obtained free on application at any Southern Railway London or suburban station or at principal tourist offices.



MISS SYLVIA CECIL

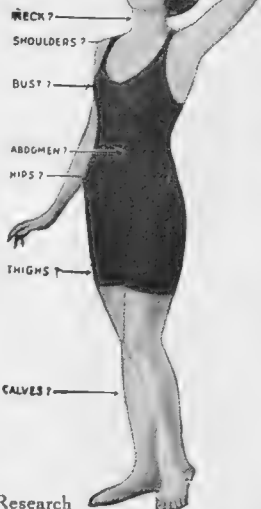
Raphael

Who has just rejoined the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company at the Savoy, and will share the soprano parts with Miss Winifred Lawson. Miss Cecil played with success in the first D'Oyly Carte London season at the Princes Theatre

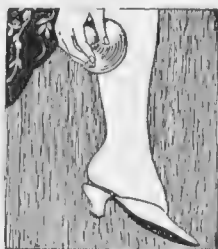
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Weddings and Engagements

An Anglo-French Wedding.

Major Cecil Stuart Goldingham, Royal Marines, of Horsenden, near Princes Risborough, Bucks, is marrying Mlle. Anne-Lise Dumur, the elder daughter of M. Charles Victor Alexis Dumur and Madame Dumur of Cully, Vaud, and Avenud'Ouchy, Lausanne, at Easter, and the wedding will take place in Lausanne.

Next Month.

On February 18 Mr. Anthony H. R. F. Sewell and Miss Mary Lutyens are being married at St. Margaret's, Westminster; and on

the same day, Mr. F. Derek Spence is marrying Miss Natalie Walker at Sefton Church, Lancashire.

Engagements.

Mr. J. P. Smith, only son of Sir Harry Smith and Lady Smith of Yew Bank, Utley, Keighley, and Miss Barbara S. Hobson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Etienne Hobson of Holland Park, W.; Major John Reynolds Ellison, Sudan Defence Force, Corballis House, Rathdrum, Co. Wicklow, elder surviving son of the late Mr. Edward Ellison, J.P., and Mrs. Ellison, and Miss Ada Frances Kierman of 113, Manor Waye, Uxbridge, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Kierman, late Oldcastle, Co. Meath; Dr. Leslie

Joseph Barford, M.A., M.D., of Redhill, Surrey, third son of the late Mr. Gilbert Henry Barford and Mrs. Barford of

Bedford, and Miss Isabella Handley, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Handley of Mayfield Heath, Crawley, Sussex; Mr. Patrick Hopegood Macdowell, only son of Lieut. - Colonel C. C. Macdowell, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Macdowell of 22, Cornwall Gardens, S.W., and Miss Marjorie Grace (Biddy) Measures, only daughter of Squadron-Leader A. H. Measures,

O.B.E., Royal Air Force, and Mrs. Measures of Manston, Thanet; Lieutenant H. P. Brister, R.N., of H.M.S. *Eagle*, elder son of Mr. S. S. Brister and Mrs. Brister, King's Walk House, Tadworth, Surrey, and Miss Beryl Frances de Brett, only daughter of Brigadier-General H. S. de Brett, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., late R.A., and Mrs. de Brett, 38, Strata Tigne, Sliema, Malta; Mr. Lucius Eugene van Baerle, Ikotmbo Estate, Calabar, only son of Captain E. van Baerle, O.B.E., and the late Mrs. van Baerle, Nevern Cottage, Kensington, W., and Miss Lylie Montrein, Cressingham, only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel H. M. Cressingham, D.S.O., and Mrs. Cressingham of Dunedin, Lees-on-Solent, Hants.



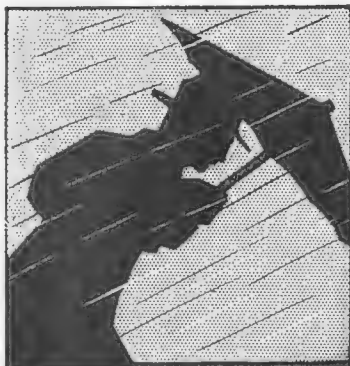
CAPTAIN AND MRS. L. H. HAMILTON-BELL

Who were married recently at Edinburgh. The bride was formerly Miss Elizabeth Wingate, the daughter of Mr. J. D. Wingate of the I.M.S. (retired)



MISS LETTICE WELLESLEY

Whose engagement was announced in November to Mr. Peter Lambert, son of the late Mr. F. F. Lambert and Mrs. Lambert. She is the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. C. C. Wellesley of Askham Bryan, Sheringham, Norfolk



Prevent Infection

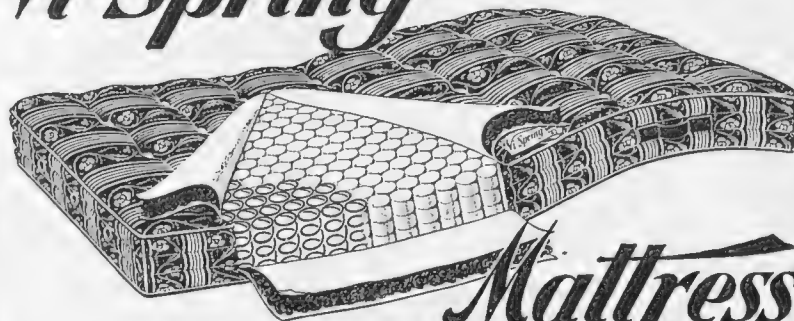
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SPORTING & DRAMATIC

News

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It was the climate that in the first instance made the Riviera what it is, then came the luxurious hotels, the casinos, and by no means least, the train facilities. Even during the early months of the year sunshine may be enjoyed for weeks together; the sun often rises in a cloudless sky, shines for several hours with a brightness and warmth surpassing that of a British summer, and then sinks without a cloud behind the secondary ranges of the Maritime Alps, displaying in setting the beautiful and varied succession of tints which characterise that glorious phenomenon of the refraction of light—a southern sunset. Bathing prevails all through the season and at all times, there being little rise and fall of the tide.

En Route for the Riviera.

It was generally considered that the height of luxury in railway travel had been achieved when the Golden Arrow and the Blue Train, with a brief sea passage, conveyed visitors to the South of France. The journey, to those who can sleep when travelling, seemed so short, and of course to the greatest possible extent all difficulties connected with Customs and passports were eliminated. The only thing against the Blue Train was that one was unable to see the country through which one passed; of course those who were sufficiently energetic always got up to see the sun rise over the glorious snow-capped mountains, a scene which never fails to excite even the most seasoned traveller. The Blue Train still continues, but it has encountered a rival in the Côte d'Azur Pullman Express.



A bird's-eye view of Monte Carlo, and a car on the Côte d'Azur Pullman Express decorated with panels of Lalique glass

The Côte d'Azur Pullman Express.

This train leaves Paris rather before nine, and with only a few stops, reaches Marseilles rather before eight o'clock in the evening. Cannes at 10.30, and Nice at 11. Among the many advantages of the Côte d'Azur Pullman Express is that a night may be spent in Paris, as the Golden Arrow arrives in the afternoon. The train is composed of the very latest type of all-metal Pullman coaches, which have been variously and beautifully decorated by the artistic genius of M. René Prou and M. René Lalique. There is a separate kitchen for each pair of Pullman cars, and most excellent meals are served throughout the day. As a matter of fact the requirements of the most exacting gourmet have been carefully studied, and the standard of catering is probably higher than that on any other train in the world.

The Drawing-room Car.

A new feature is a drawing-room car corresponding in a way to the American observation car. In it are comfortable adjustable arm-chairs and a selection of all the latest illustrated papers, including THE TATLER. It is also equipped with a specially-designed electric gramophone. Passengers will therefore be able to spend an odd hour at any time listening to the music, and will even be able to dance if they wish—and what could be a more delightful way of passing the time on a long journey? The floral decorations are wonderfully artistic, the sweetly-scented mimosa being well represented. Messrs. Thos. Cook and Sons, who are associated with the Wagon-Lits Company, can give all further information regarding this train and can arrange reservations either at their head office in Berkeley Street or at any of their branches.



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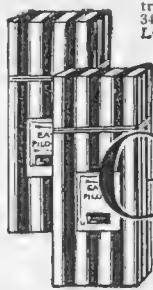
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The Editor of BRITANNIA & EVE is no weather prophet, but when he planned the February issue he made full allowance for a goodly quota of long, cold, damp, dreary evenings. He has set out to entertain you on such occasions with features astoundingly original and profoundly interesting.

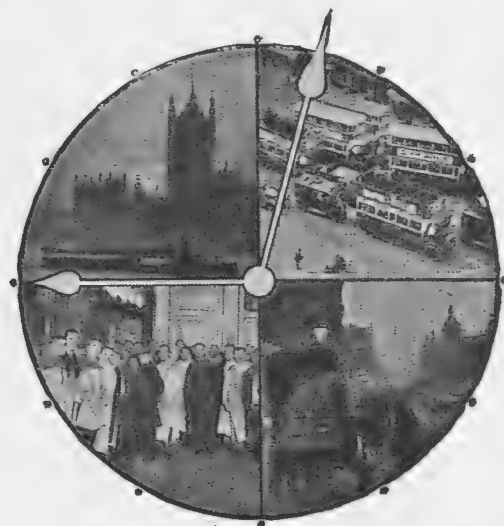
Every bookstall and every bookseller will have the February issue for your inspection on February 1st. Make a point of looking through it, and we are certain you will buy it. The modern day stories are in BRITANNIA & EVE.

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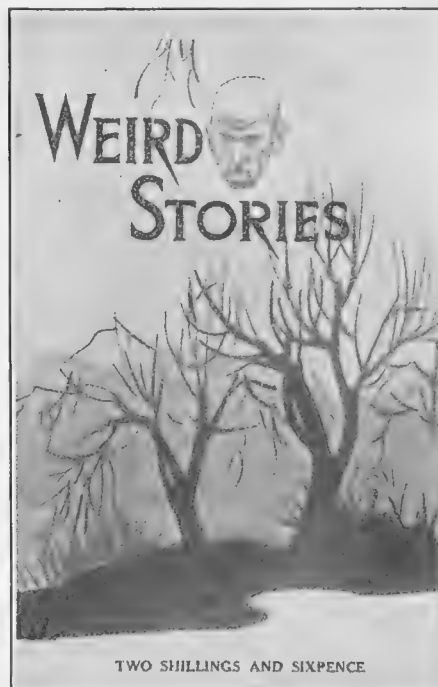
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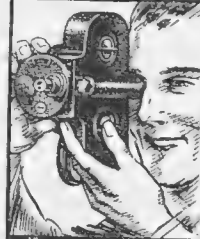


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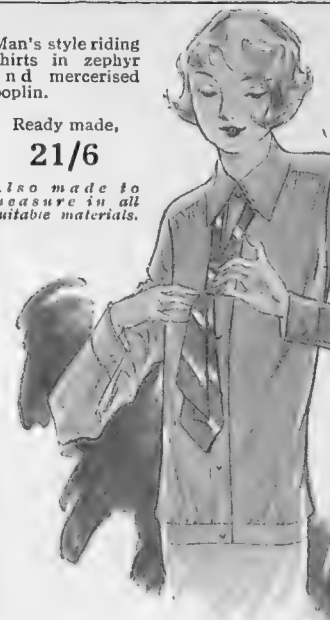
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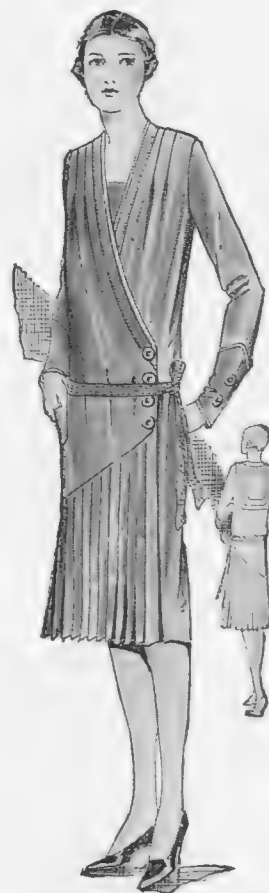
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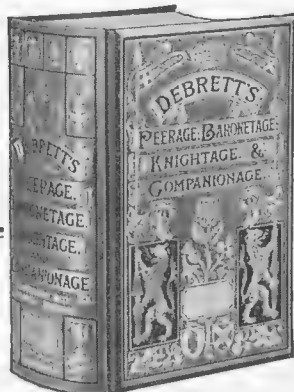
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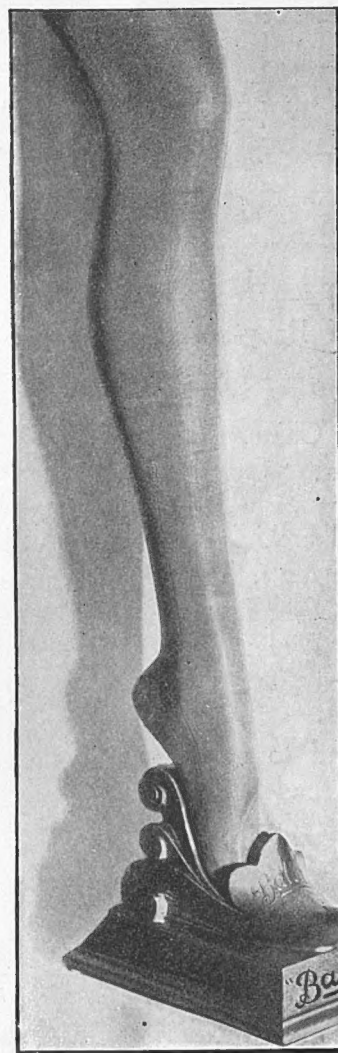
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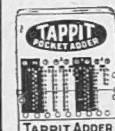
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